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SIXPENCE.
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MRS. HARRIET BEECHER-STOWE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HASTINGS, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

I have received this interesting letter from Dr. Conan Doyle—

I observe that you attribute to me the remark that style in literature is of no consequence. I never said anything so absurd. What I did say was that style in France always stood for lucidity, and that recently in England it had come more and more to stand for obscurity. Compare Renan and Maupassant with Meredith's later works and Walter Pater. We must give up affectations and posturings, and return to the healthy traditions of Addison, Scott, and Thackeray. But does that mean that style is of no consequence?

It does not; yet even now I fear Dr. Doyle is scarcely alive to all that is meant by style. He cites Renan, Maupassant, Addison, Thackeray, and Scott for the one quality they have in common—lucidity, which is not everything. The report of Dr. Doyle's remarks which I had in mind made him say that an author's meaning should be understood without any consciousness of his manner of saying it. Who can read Renan, Maupassant, Addison, and Thackeray without being distinctly conscious of the manner of each? To understand what they mean is very far from sufficient appreciation. Now, when Dr. Doyle brings Scott into this galley he is apparently indifferent to the very sense which appreciates the others. Scott's prose is intelligible; but, as a rule, this is all that can be said for it. It has neither the incomparable ease and grace of Thackeray, nor the persuasive delicacy of Addison. When you are conscious of it, you wish that so great a writer did not so often express himself with such manifest indifference to form. "He never boggled over a sentence," says the admiring Lockhart. Had he troubled to boggle ever so little, so many pages of him would not be such lamentable English.

What, then, is the point of saying that we must return to the traditions of these masters, one of whom, in this respect, has no tradition to offer that is of any importance? No doubt, if you can pour out splendid imaginings with the prodigality of Scott, you need not pause to boggle; but, when we are talking about style, that contingency is, "in the classic sense," as the Speaker would say, impertinent. The traditions will not help you to write like Addison and Thackeray. A writer's personality must make his style; and even Pater's "foppiness of words," to use his own phrase, need not blind us to his natural and individual beauty of expression. It is surely of the tribe of thoughtless imitators that Dr. Doyle is thinking when he denounces "affectations and posturings." The trouble in these days is not that writing tends to become obscure or affected, but that so much of it degenerates into gabble; and that is why I ventured to remonstrate with Dr. Doyle for, as it seemed to me, underrating the value of distinction in style—a dangerous suggestion, especially to the mob of gentlewomen who write with such terrible ease.

Mr. Gladstone is much disturbed by the prodigious quantity of verse which is rejected by the gods and men and bookstalls. Incontinent young rhymers, hopeful of a fine advertisement, send their "barren volumes" to Hawarden. Mr. Gladstone's voracity for books is without parallel; but mediocre verse, he says, is like meat without savour. Vainly do the minor bards spread the table with their dessicated dainties. It is as if some majestic old spider, sitting in a stupendous web of literature and theology, were invited to vary his solid fare with a particular kind of minute, buzzing, and tasteless fly, and to publish the ecstasy of his palate. What Mr. Gladstone publishes is a withering onslaught on the hapless verse-maker, accompanied by such a criticism of the national character as, to some people, must savour of unpatriotic candour. The young Englishman, I learn, objects to "hard and continuous work," and turns instinctively to paths that are "flowery." "Don't be flowery, Jacob," says Mr. Scrooge to the ghost of Mr. Marley. Ghosts and the indolent young Briton have this objectionable tendency in common. They plunge freely into metaphor, blank verse, and roundelay. Moreover, they print their effusions, and send them to Hawarden; at least, the youthful Englishman does; and if there were a printing press in Hades, and Rhadamanthus were a publisher, I have no doubt that volumes, elegantly bound in red morocco, would be "precipitated" all day long from the ceiling of Mr. Gladstone's library.

Perhaps some philosophical observer will point out that it is not the Englishman only, with his dislike of hard work, who goes a-rhyming with such distressing persistence. The same weakness has been noticed in the young and ardent of several nations. The wastepaper-baskets of Europe are constantly replenished by the labours of metrical adolescence.

Yes, those sacred vessels on the altar of literature owe much to the rich ministrations of polyglot rhymers. And is there no hard work in the flowery paths? Does the young Englishman never toil and moil on a ballad, and chisel a sonnet with laboriously conscientious care? I remember the days when I kept a sort of private "Dunciad," enriched by lampoons on scholastic tyrants. My mother, with that zeal for tidiness which ever inflames the maternal mind, put it in the fire. When I bewailed my loss, she was not as deeply concerned as Mill over the accidental burning of Carlyle's manuscript of the "French Revolution." For the composition of that masterpiece of satire what hours had I stolen from the slumbers prescribed by domestic wisdom to the "growing" boy! I used to recite some of the lines to favoured companions, who received them with wonder and trepidation, as if privileged to enjoy a private entertainment of thunder and lightning. Fragments of the masterpiece, I daresay, will be handed on by oral tradition. There was a wild and beautiful lyric, of a slightly minatory cast, which began—

*I'll hit you on the head
With some aerated bread.*

For some time this was chanted by the junior members of several respectable families as a form of commination; and probably it still holds its own among the folk-lore minstrelsy of the imaginative middle classes.

Hard work, then, is the natural heritage of the verse-maker. Has he not to break the stubborn English language into a graceful measure? It is like transforming a cart-horse into an Arab steed! Mr. Gladstone does not mind the versifying so much as the printing. If only the small bards would be content to charm the family circle or to smooth the course of true love! That cautious librarian at Hawarden thinks of the multitude of books to be dusted and kept clean, to lie on the shelves of the British Museum till that repository of the unread is bursting like the wastepaper-baskets, yet unable, like them, to relieve itself of the burden. Why not? Verse, once printed, has some of the sanctity which belongs to human life. The State, as the corporate expression of civilised humanity, thinks it barbarous to destroy books. By-and-by our public libraries will be like the Pyramids, gigantic monuments of mortal patience. The New Zealander, when he comes to sketch our ruins, will stand abashed by the huge piles, consecrated to the industry of our rhymers, stacked in layers, in one incalculable mass. Then he will stand on a ladder, and set himself to the reverent task of dusting the versifiers of ages, and opening their volumes to refresh the imprisoned song with a little air, and furnishing himself with enough quotations to start a renaissance of poetry in his native country.

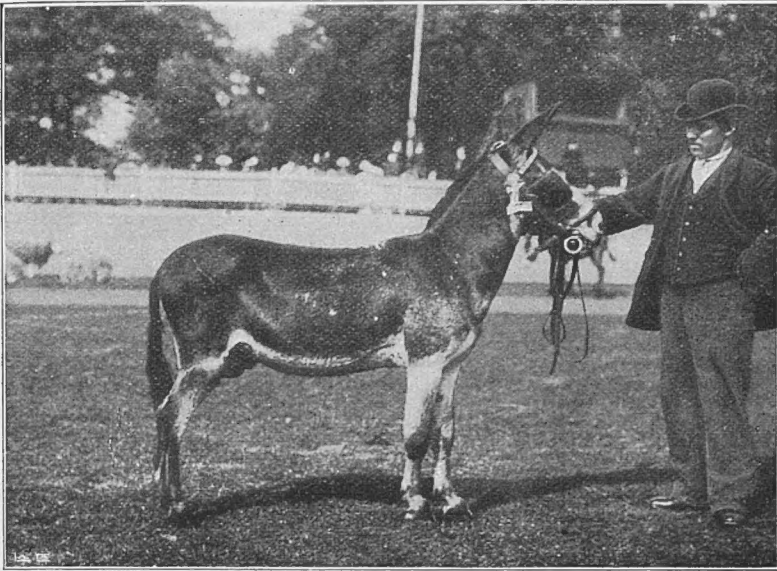
Lord Meath is apprehensive that the democracy will abolish manners. When universal equality is established, nobody will request the honour of your company at dinner. You will call and inspect the *menu*, and, if it happens to be attractive, you will take your seat at the table without even saying "Good-evening." When you address a letter to an editor, you will sign yourself not "Your obedient servant," but "As good as you any day." As Lord Meath puts it, "all the outward forms of polite demeanour" will disappear. Parliament will enact that anybody heard to say "Thank you" shall be fined, and, for a repetition of the offence, sentenced to an exemplary term of imprisonment. To beg a man's pardon will justify the sequestration of your property; and anyone caught in the act of raising his hat to a woman will be expelled from the country.

I think Lord Meath is needlessly alarmed. There are several elements of the social organism which will keep it decently civil. Lords and learning, arts and commerce, may die, but the hand of time will spare our old civility. There is more philosophy than may at first appear in this presumptuous version of the much-parodied couplet which the Duke of Rutland wrote in his youth. Has it not occurred to Mr. Gladstone that the habit of writing verses when one is young softens much the manners, as the old Latin grammar reminds us? The young Englishman who reads his first copy of verses over and over again, and murmurs, with deep contentment, "I have conned it, and 'tis poetical," ceases in that process to be the cub of the household, the torment of adolescent gallants who come wooing his sisters. As he grows older his versifying gives a rhythm to his rising up and sitting down, to his greetings and farewells. He cannot bear to break off a chance conversation in the street with the curtness of embarrassment. He conducts it artfully to a melodious close; like the tune which haunts the love-sick Duke in "Twelfth Night," it has a dying fall. Shall these graces be nipped in the bud by Mr. Gladstone's blast against "barren volumes"? Lord Meath is an enthusiast for the display of the Union Jack in Board schools. Let him preserve our manners by insisting on the writing of verses as a subject for the Government grant!

THE MERRY "MOKE."

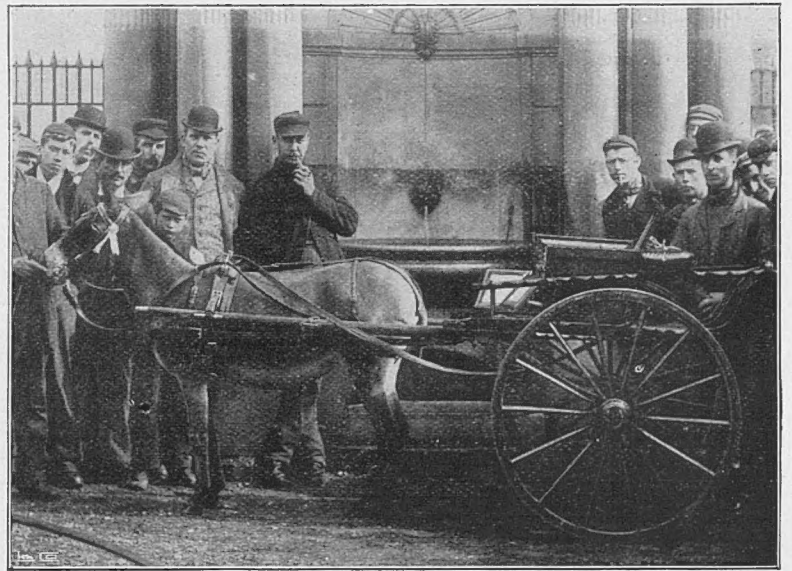
The donkey manages to touch in a way that no other domestic animal does the extreme limits of the social scale, leaving the intermediate classes severely alone. The Queen's little donkey-chaise is a familiar sight, while at the other end of the scale the coster's "moke" seems an essential part of the Londoner's life. Thus, when the costers held their annual show in the grounds of the London County Athletic Grounds at Herne Hill

at New York in the winter of 1883. She was by no means unknown in London society before she married, for she had been a prominent figure in the season of 1883, and was at one time the *fiancée* of the late Earl Cairns, that much-engaged young man, whose beautiful widow is now one of the best-dressed women in London society. In those days lovely American heiresses were comparatively *rare aves*, although Lord Randolph Churchill's marriage to Miss Jenny Jerome had caused a certain influx of transatlantic beauty. Miss Grant came, was seen, and



THE CHAMPION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENRY R. GIBBS, KINGSLAND ROAD, N.

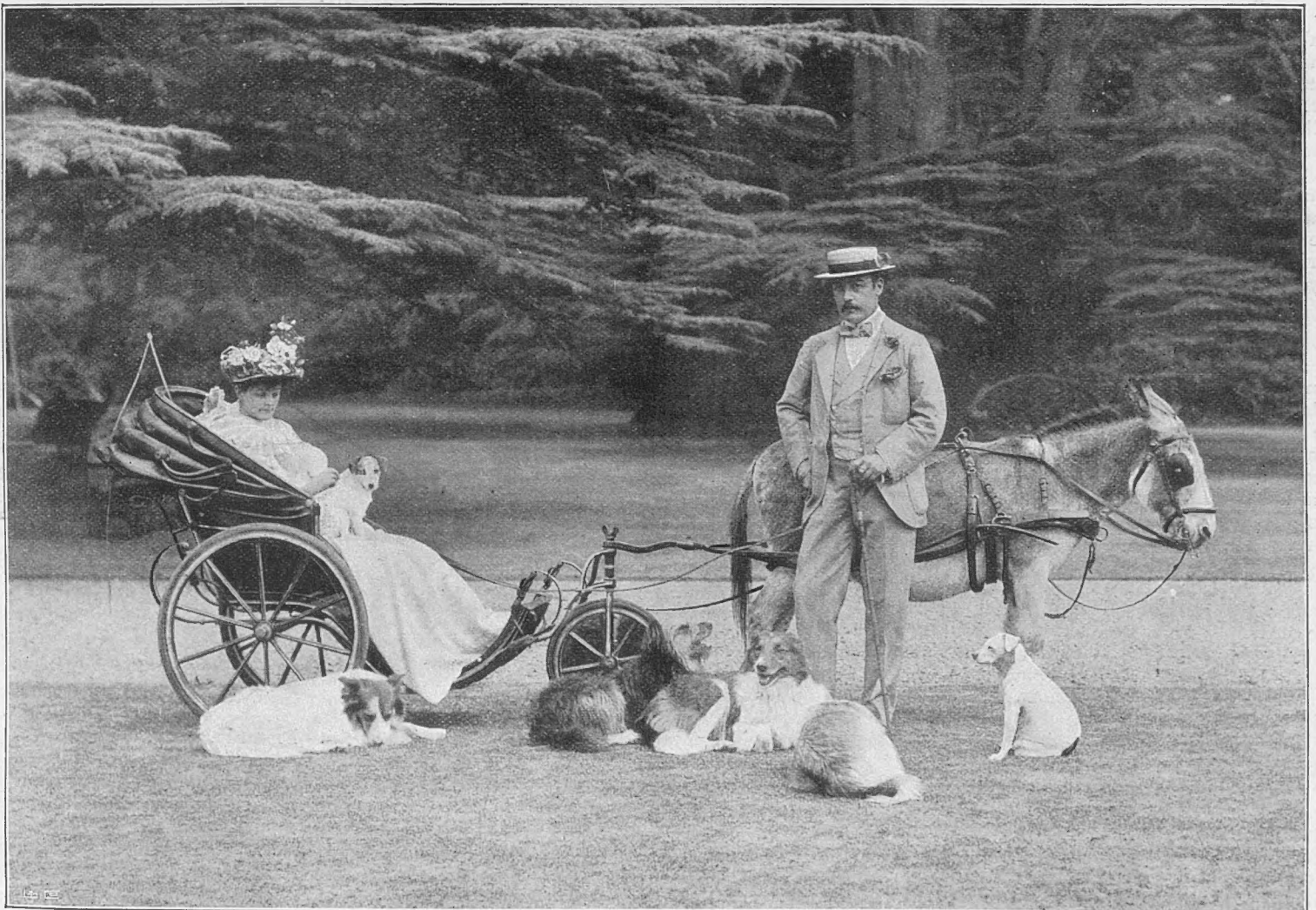


FLYING SCUD.

last week, the classes came out to meet the masses, the Duchess of Fife presenting the prizes. The hundred and twenty-seven donkeys shown were divided into three classes—jacks, jennies, and geldings. The best donkey in the show was declared to be Tom, aged two and a-half years, and valued at seven pounds, the property of a Camberwell costermonger.

Then there is the aristocratic donkey, such as is seen in the accompanying photograph of the Countess of Essex and her husband—a very different couple from the characteristic group of costers who surround that little beauty, Flying Scud, in the snapshot. Miss Adela Grant became the Countess of Essex in December 1893. She was an American heiress, and had made her *début* at Delmonico's Ball

conquered. The most exclusive hostesses became her social godmothers, and rumours of her engagement to first one and then another eligible *parti* became rife. Many years went by, and the beautiful American was joined by a younger and, some thought, lovelier sister. Together they became a very charming feature of the "smart" set, and Miss Adela Grant's marriage to the Earl of Essex came somewhat as a surprise to her large circle of friends. Since their marriage the Earl and Countess of Essex have spent much of their time at Cassiobury; they are both fond of sport and an outdoor life. Lady Essex is now in mourning owing to the death, from an accident, of her brother-in-law, Mr. Padelford, who married less than a year ago her sister.



THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF ESSEX.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FRED DOWNER, WATFORD.

TWO IDOLS OF THE PEOPLE.

THE LATE MISS JENNY HILL.

The fact that Jenny Hill and Harriet Beecher-Stowe died within a few days of one another does not merit their names being coupled together; but they must be classed together, though at the extreme ends of the scale, as unmistakable idols of the people, and that too in this country



JENNY HILL.

Photo by Whitlock, Birmingham.

and America as well, although both had rather outlived their fame. The "Vital Spark," as Jenny Hill loved to call herself, was quite the most characteristic personality of music-halldom, for she gave to the halls a talent fit for the first theatre in England. She began stage-life when she was very young, and when the music-hall was in a neglected, not to say embryonic, condition. Salaries of five and six pounds a-week were considered prizes, and required unlimited work and patience. The first years were very trying ones; nobody would give a good chance to a friendless girl. By sheer perseverance the initial difficulties were overcome, and Jenny Hill became known to the Metropolis. Then her

talent brought her to the front and kept her there. She had everything to suit her audience. Did it require vulgarity, there was no difficulty about a good supply; was pathos needed, it was to hand; and everything was very good of its kind. The inevitable result came in form of popularity that made managers offer the clever artist her own terms; but the popular favour never made its recipient lose her head or relax her efforts. Wherever she was she did her best, and succeeded in establishing a thorough understanding between herself and every type of audience, from the sedate, *blasé* man of the world down to the coatless coster who whistled the chorus of her songs in the gallery of East-End halls. But, though there was wealth and reputation for one who deserved them well, good health was lacking, and the same fight waged successfully against poverty and neglect was continued, with less effect, against disease. A long sea-voyage and a cessation of work were alike unavailing, and less than a fortnight ago the Vital Spark went out, and a plucky, talented, kind-hearted woman ended a brilliant career at the early age of forty-six. She was popular with the profession, good to the poor, and possessed a spirit not to be crushed by adversity or spoiled by success. Miss Peggy Pryde, well known to frequenters of music-halls, is her daughter.

THE LATE MRS. BEECHER-STOWE.

Longfellow used to say that, in his opinion, two books, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and the Bible, had exercised the most practical influence on the English-speaking race, and it would be hard to prove that he was wrong. Mrs. Harriet Beecher-Stowe outlived her fame to a certain extent, and during the last few years of her life became little more than a venerable legend. But to the end her name, her personality, was one to conjure with, and her message to her unknown friends, "Trust in the Lord and do good," sent, some four years ago, a thrill through the hearts of millions of her countrymen and women.

Mrs. Stowe was forty when "Uncle Tom" began his good work of opening the eyes of all and sundry to the real horrors of slavery. The story was first published as a serial in 1851, the price received by the writer being sixty pounds. When published in book form, the great Slave Epic, as it has been called, won instant recognition both from the unthinking, emotional American and the cautious, critical British public. One hundred and twenty editions were sold within the first year of publication—in other words, nearly a thousand copies a-day had to be printed to satisfy the demand. Mrs. Beecher-Stowe, the tired, overworked wife of a poor professor (she had married in 1836 Mr. Calvin E. Stowe, who instructed the youth of Lane Seminary in Biblical literature), found herself the most famous and courted human being in New England, and from the Mother Country came letters of warm sympathy and congratulation, written by a host of English readers, including the Queen and the Prince Consort, Lord Palmerston, Lord Shaftesbury, the Dukes of Sutherland and Argyll, and most of her

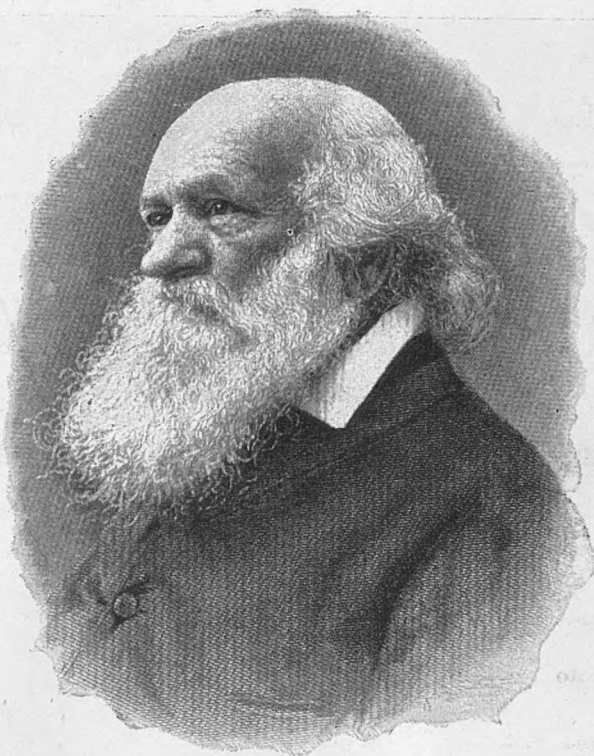
literary contemporaries. The book was translated into twenty languages, and has remained a permanent favourite in France, where to this day children are christened Eva and nicknamed Topsy in memory of Mrs. Beecher-Stowe's pathetic little pair. She took success at the flood, and, although the effect produced was far less permanent, "Dred" made almost as powerful an impression as the older book. In the cameo-like "Minister's Wooing," "Old Town Folks," and "The Pearl of Orr's Island," Mrs. Beecher-Stowe showed that she was, in a very real sense, a literary artist, capable of admirable and delicate work.

Although Mrs. Stowe outlived most of her contemporaries, there are many veterans in London society who were present at the reception held at Stafford House in honour of the writer of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The Duchess of Sutherland presented her guest with a gold bracelet made in the semblance of a shackle, and engraved on the interior with the words, "We trust it is a memorial of a chain that is soon to be broken." This was in 1853. Many long years were to pass by before Mrs. Stowe was able to engrave on the clasp, "Constitutional Amendment for ever abolishing slavery in the United States."

Mrs. Beecher-Stowe's last public appearance occurred some fifteen years ago, at a great literary party held in her honour at Boston. After her widowhood she lived very quietly in the pretty old colonial city of Hartford, Connecticut. There, within a short stroll of quite a group of notable American writers, including Charles Dudley Warner and Mark Twain, she was to be found by those favoured few bound by old friendship and affection. Her lovely cottage-home was filled with mementoes of her two European tours, and no day passed without bringing a proof that the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," if unseen, was not forgotten by the new generation, who still call for new editions of "a book that has made and unmade history."

THE OPERA.

Two new productions and a new conductor—these sum up the matter for record at the Opera during the past week. The first novelty was Boito's "Mefistofele," which was given with partial success on Tuesday week. One writes "partial success," because, to a great extent, Boito's curious work depends upon the excellence of the pictorial representation, and in this respect, doubtless owing to the illness of Mr. Arthur Collins, the work was practically a failure. The change in the first act from the turret scene to Faust's apartment was deplorably managed, and the Witches' Sabbath was more grotesque than can be conceived by anybody who had not seen it. Apart from this, it may be mentioned that Edouard de Reszke was an excellent Mefistofele. He sang with all and more than his accustomed power; and although there were moments in his acting when he did not seem to distinguish between Gounod's and Boito's



MRS. STOWE'S HUSBAND.

From "The Life of Harriet Beecher-Stowe" (Sampson Low).

Devils—a most important point—he made the part significant. Miss Macintyre as the two heroines, Margarita and Elena, was in good voice.

Mr. Landon Ronald, who conducted "Faust" on Friday, is a young musician who has before never had the distinction of guiding the fortunes of the Covent Garden orchestra. He is extremely clever, with fine musical appreciation, and a good deal of the self-possession which is absolutely necessary to a fine conductor. That he will become this one does not venture yet to say. But he has great promise, and his handling of "Faust" on this occasion was in every way excellent.

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QUICK CHEAP ROUTE TO DENMARK, SWEDEN, and NORWAY, via Harwich and Esbjerg.—The Steamers of the United Steamship Company of Copenhagen sail from Harwich (Parkston Quay) for ESBJERG every Monday, Thursday, and Saturday, after arrival of the train leaving London, Liverpool Street Station, at 7.15 p.m.; returning from Esbjerg every Tuesday, Wednesday, and Saturday, after arrival of 9.5 a.m. train from Copenhagen. Return fares—Esbjerg, 53s.; Copenhagen, 80s. 3d. The service will be performed (weather and other circumstances permitting) by the Steamships "Koldinghus" and "Nidaros." These fast steamers have excellent accommodation for passengers, and carry no cattle. For further information address Tegner, Price, and Co., 107, Fenchurch Street, London; or the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.
PARIS.—SHORTEST AND CHEAPEST ROUTE, through the charming Scenery of Normandy, to the Paris Terminus near the Madeleine,
VIA NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, AND ROUEN.
Two Special Express Services (Week-days and Sundays).

London to Paris				Paris to London.			
		(1 & 2)	(1, 2, 3)			(1 & 2)	(1, 2, 3)
		a.m.	p.m.			a.m.	p.m.
Victoria	dep.	10 0	8 50	Paris	dep.	10 0	9 0
London Bridge ..	"	10 0	9 0	London Bridge ..	arr.	7 0	7 40
Paris	arr.	7 0	7 45	Victoria	arr.	7 0	7 50

* Commencing Wednesday, July 1, the Night Express Service leaves London later, and is accelerated as shown above.
Fares—Single: First, 34s. 7d.; Second, 25s. 7d.; Third, 18s. 7d. Return: First, 58s. 3d.; Second, 42s. 3d.; Third, 33s. 3d.
A Pullman Drawing-room Car runs in the First and Second Class Train between Victoria and Newhaven.
Powerful Steamers with excellent Deck and other Cabins.
Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.
(By Order) ALLEN SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

S O U T H - W E S T E R N R A I L W A Y .
SUMMER ARRANGEMENTS.
ADDITIONAL AND IMPROVED TRAIN SERVICE BETWEEN LONDON (WATERLOO) AND EXETER, PLYMOUTH, ILFRACOMBE, SOUTH AND NORTH DEVON, AND NORTH CORNWALL COAST.

THE NORTH CORNWALL RAILWAY is now open to WADEBRIDGE for PADSTOW, and NEWQUAY, and BODMIN, also TINTAGEL, and BOSCASTLE, via Camelford.
WEST OF ENGLAND FAST TRAIN SERVICE by the **SHORT** and **DIRECT ROUTE** on WEEK-DAYS.

	a.m.	a.m.	Ex.	Fast	New Ex.	Ex.	p.m.
WATERLOO dep.	5 50	9 15	11 0	11 5	1 0	3 0	5 40
Bridport (by Coach from Crewkerne)	3 10	..	5 10
Lyme Regis (By Coach from Charmouth)	11 40	2 25	..	4 5
SEATON	10 40	2 20	..	3 15	6 5	7 15	10 0
SIDMOUTH	11 44	1 59	..	3 40	6 17	7 50	10 32
EXETER (Queen Street) ..	10 43	1 39	3 2	3 30	5 9	6 46	9 43
EXMOUTH	11 54	2 54	3 42	4 48	5 59	7 33	10 15
Budeleigh Salterton (by bus from Exmouth)	4 10	5 50	5 50	..	8 40	..
Chagford (by bus from Yeoford)	8 5
OKEHAMPTON (for Dartmoor)	11 39	2 44	3 51	5 42	6 1	8 18	10 41
Chagford (By Coach from Hatherleigh)	6*20	..	7D55
HOLSWORTHY	1 2	3 50	4 53	..	6 57	9 24	..
Bude (By Coach from Holsworthy)	5A30	6 50
CAMELFORD	1 44	4 42	5 28	..	7 55
Tintagel (By bus from) ..	2 45	5B35	6 20
Bosccastle (Camelford) ..	2 45	5B35	6 20	..	8 45
WADEBRIDGE	2 18	5 16	5 57	..	8 25
Bodmin	2 49	..	6 18	..	8 45
Bodmin Road	4 10	..	6 57
Newquay dep.	4 51	..	7 4
Truro arr.	6 20	..	8 32
Falmouth	5 48	..	8 0
Relnith	6 35	..	8 43
St. Ives	6 15	..	8 28
Penzance	7 5	..	9 15
St. Columb (By Coach from Newquay)	6 58	..	9 9
Padstow (by bus from Wadebridge)	7 30
Wadebridge	8 10
TAVISTOCK	12 6	3 15	4 19	..	6 37	8 2	11 8
Gunnislake (By Coach from)	4 20
Callington (from)	5 20
Liskeard (Tavistock)	6 55
DEVONPORT	12 29	3 39	4 42	..	7 0	8 25	11 31
PLYMOUTH	12 35	3 44	4 44	..	7 7	8 31	11 37
BARNSTAPLE	1 16	3 25	4 30	..	6 59	8 10	..
Lynton (by Coach from Barnstaple)	6 30	7 30
ILFRACOMBE	2 23	4 18	5 18	..	7 51	8 56	..
BIDEFORD	1 56	3 52	5 1	..	7 26	8 35	..
Clovelly (By Coach from Bude)	5 25
Westward Ho (by bus from Bideford)	8 0

* Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays only.
A. Commencing July 11. B. Saturdays only. C. Not on Fridays. D. Fridays only.
A corresponding Service of improved and additional Trains runs in the opposite direction.
Connections are formed at Exeter (St. David's Station) with the South Devon Line to Dawlish, Teignmouth, Torquay, Dartmouth, &c., and at Plymouth (North Road) Station with the Great Western Line to Truro, Falmouth, Penzance, &c.
CIRCULAR TOUR by RAIL and COACH. Tickets are issued from LONDON Every Week-day. These tours embrace the principal health resorts of North Devon and Cornwall, including Lynton, Ilfracombe, Clovelly, Bude, Bosccastle, Tintagel, St. Columb, Newquay, &c.
CHEAP TRAINS leave WATERLOO EVERY SATURDAY for the WEST of ENGLAND, NORTH and SOUTH DEVON, and NORTH CORNWALL.

S O U T H - W E S T E R N R A I L W A Y .
COAST OF DORSET.
TO BOURNEMOUTH, WEYMOUTH, SWANAGE, and DORCHESTER.

	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Waterloo dep.	5 50	9 30	12 30	2 15	2 25
Bournemouth (East)	9 3	12 34	3 4	4 38	..
Bournemouth (West)	9 13	12 44	3 13	4 50	..
Swanage	11 59	1 55	4 10	..	6 23
Dorchester	10 6	1 35	3 58	..	6 15
Weymouth	10 25	1 52	4 15	..	6 32
Waterloo dep.	3 0	3 10	4 55	5 50	9 45
Bournemouth (East)	7 0	7 35	9 3	..
Bournemouth (West)	6 46	7 9	7 45	9 13	..
Swanage	8 22	11 12	..
Dorchester	6 57	7 46	8 24	10 44	2 40
Weymouth	7 15	8 5	8 40	11 3	..

PULLMAN CARS run in Principal Trains between London and Bournemouth.
EXCURSION TRAINS for certain periods every Saturday.
TOURIST TICKETS are issued by all Trains to certain places. For particulars see programmes.
CHARLES SCOTTER, General Manager.

G R E A T N O R T H E R N R A I L W A Y .
THE "DIRECT" ROUTE
TO EAST COAST WATERING-PLACES.
ACCELERATED TRAIN SERVICE, JULY 1896.
From LONDON (KING'S CROSS).

	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.
WEEK-DAYS.									
London (King's Cross) .. dep.	5 15	7 15	8 45	9 45	10 0	10 15	10 25	10 35	11 20
Sheringham arr.	10 11	1 0	2 27
Cromer (Beach)	10 20	1 10	2 35
Skegness	9 29	11 21	1 15
Ilkley	10 22	12 42	..	2 8	3 43
Harrogate	10 54	1 0	..	2 22	..	3 33	4 28
Scarboro'	11 20	2 55	..	3 45	4 50	4 50	6 0
Whitby	12 17	4 35	..	4 35	6 4	6 4	..
Filey	11 38	3 11	3 30	3 54	..	4 35	5 0	5 4	6 23
Bridlington	11 20	2 28	2 54	3 11	..	3 28	4 22	5 20	5 53
Saltburn	12 22	4 5	..	A	5 30	5 20	8 7

	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
WEEK-DAYS.									
London (King's Cross) .. dep.	12 30	12 40	1 30	2 20	3 0	3 20	4 15	5 45	11 30
Sheringham arr.	..	4 52	7 9
Cromer (Beach)	5 0	7 15
Skegness	4 13	7 25	9 40
Ilkley	6 3	8 57	..	11 5	8 48
Harrogate	6 20	7 32	..	8 40	..	10 53	5 59	..
Scarborough	6 55	7 10	..	9 45	..	11 40	5 35	..
Whitby	8 54	..	10 24	6 20	..
Filey	7 31	8 25	..	10 25	6 42	..
Bridlington	6 44	8 53	..	9 14	7 19	..
Saltburn	8 58	..	11 7	6 48	..

+ Through carriages to Sheringham and Cromer by these trains.
A. Will run from July 11 to September 26.
B. Not to Filey and Bridlington on Saturday nights.
C. Arrives Saltburn 8.6 a.m. Sundays.
Illustrated tourist guides and farmhouse and country lodging lists can be had on application at Great Northern Stations and Receiving Offices, or to the Superintendent of the Line, King's Cross Station.
July 1896. HENRY OAKLEY, General Manager.

G R E A T W E S T E R N R A I L W A Y . — H E N L E Y R E G A T T A .
REDUCED FARES.—ON JULY 8 and 9 the ORDINARY TRAIN SERVICE between PADDINGTON STATION and HENLEY will be SUSPENDED, and the following will be the service—

From PADDINGTON to HENLEY at 6.30 a.m., 7.40, 8.45, 9.5, 9.17, 9.53, 10.5, 10.15, 10.22, 10.34, 10.50, 11.10, 11.28, 11.50 a.m., 12.40, 1.43, 2.30, 6.30, and 8.20 p.m.

From HENLEY to PADDINGTON at 7 a.m., 8.5, 8.45, 9.35 a.m., 2.15, 3.40, 5.15, 5.30, 5.45, 6.5, 6.30, 6.40, 6.55, 7.15, 7.50, 8.15, 8.30, 9.5, 10, *10.10, 10.30, and *10.40 p.m. *On July 9 only.

On JULY 10 and 13 THROUGH SPECIAL TRAINS will leave HENLEY at 8.45 a.m. and 3.0 p.m. for PADDINGTON, and at 10.33 a.m. and 12.10 p.m. for MAIDENHEAD, SLOUGH, WINDSOR, and PADDINGTON.

RETURN FARES—First Class, 10s. 6d.; Second Class, 6s. 6d.; Third Class by all Trains up to the 9.17 a.m. ex. PADDINGTON, 3s. 6d.; after 9.17 a.m., 6s.

TICKETS will be issued between PADDINGTON and HENLEY on July 8 and following days, available BY ANY TRAIN between July 8 and 13 inclusive. FARES—First Class, 42s.; Second Class, 31s. 6d.

HY. LAMBERT, General Manager.

L A K E S A N D F J O R D S O F K E R R Y .
"The south-western part of Kerry is well known as the most beautiful portion of the British Isles."
LORD MACAULAY.

OPENING OF NEW RAILWAYS—NEW TOURIST RESORTS—GOOD HOTELS—
MAGNIFICENT SCENERY—GOOD FISHING—COACHING TOURS.

Cheap tourist tickets issued to Lakes of Killarney, Glengarriff, Caragh Lake for Glencar, Valencia, Waterville, Parknasilla, and Kenmare.

THE GRAND ATLANTIC COAST TOUR
affords magnificent views of River, Ocean, and Mountain Scenery by Railway and Coach for ONE HUNDRED MILES around the South Kerry Peninsula.

Tickets are also issued to Kilkee, Lahinch, Lisdoonvarna, and places on the County Clare coast. For full particulars apply to Messrs. Cook and Son, Messrs. Gaze and Son, the principal stations on the L. and N.-W., Midland, or G.W. Railways, or to Great Southern and Western Railway, Dublin.—Illustrated Guide sent gratis and post free on application to

Kingsbridge, Dublin.

R. G. COLHOUN, Traffic Manager.

G R E A T N O R T H E R N R A I L W A Y (I R E L A N D) .
NOTICE TO TOURISTS.

THE PRINCIPAL SEASIDE AND HEALTH RESORTS OF IRELAND ARE SITUATED ON THIS COMPANY'S SYSTEM.

BUNDORAN (on the Atlantic Coast) is pronounced by eminent medical authorities to be the most invigorating Seaside resort in the Kingdom, and is within a few miles, by rail, of LOUGH ERNE (the Irish Lakes), which district offers splendid sport for Rod and Gun. ROSTREVOR.—Balmy and restorative climate. WARRENPOINT, MALAHIDE, and HOWTH.—Exhilarating and attractive health resorts.

VISIT THE VALLEY OF THE BOYNE, and view the Ruins of MELLIFONT ABBEY, MONASTERBOICE, and NEWGRANGE TUMULUS (the Pyramids of Europe).

CHEAP TICKETS AND CIRCULAR TOURS. WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED GUIDE.
Dublin, July 1896. HENRY PLEWS, General Manager.

B O U L O G N E A N D B A C K I N A D A Y .
DELIGHTFUL SEA TRIP.

THE MAGNIFICENT STEAMER
"LA MARGUERITE"
Runs to MARGATE and BOULOGNE and back on MONDAYS, THURSDAYS, and SATURDAYS.
And to MARGATE only and back on TUESDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, and SUNDAYS.

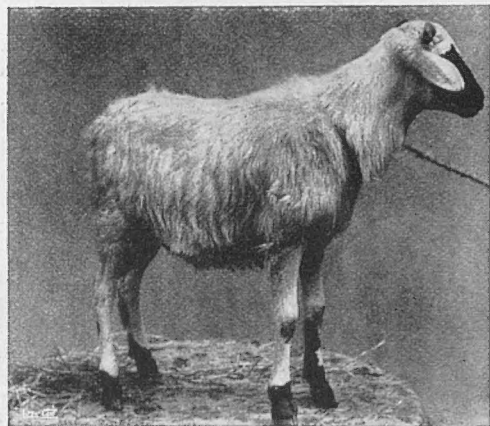
FOR FULL PARTICULARS apply to T. E. BARLOW, Manager,
New Palace Steamers, Ltd., 50, King William Street, E.C.

SMALL TALK.

The Queen gives a garden-party in the grounds of Buckingham Palace on Monday. On Thursday her Majesty received at Windsor Castle nearly four hundred of the "Queen Victoria's Jubilee Institute Nurses," who, by the royal command, had been invited to the Castle.

It has now been definitely arranged that the wedding of Prince Carl of Denmark with Princess Maud of Wales shall take place on Wednesday, the 22nd inst., at Buckingham Palace. The Queen will arrive in London for the ceremony on the 21st, and will return to Windsor on the 23rd, and thence go to the Isle of Wight.

The Queen has been presented by Major Donovan, of the Army Service Corps, with a well-grown young ram all the way from Ashanti. He came by it in this way. While exploring and prospecting in



AN ASHANTI RAM.

Photo by Sharp and Hitchmough, Liverpool.

the Imranso (or gold-fields) districts beyond Coomassie, he found himself at a place called Essyassi. This town is in the midst of the country from which King Prempeh obtained gold for his own private purse, by sending slaves there to dig and wash, and when they had collected enough of the precious metal they were brought back again to Coomassie, and then promptly beheaded for fear they might be tempted to disclose to others the spot whence this gold was brought. When Major Donovan arrived at this place he was received by the community with open arms. The people were immensely delighted to see the white man, "because," they said, "now the white man has arrived no one will be able to cut off our heads." In order to show their appreciation of Major Donovan's advent, the chief gave him a large present of fruit, fowls, &c., which required eighteen carriers to bring in, and foremost among the offering was the subject of our notice, promptly christened by the humorous Major "Prempeh." Although originally destined for the cooking-pot, the Major soon found that he could make a pet of the animal, and so docile and friendly did he become that the gallant Major found that his heart was not hard enough to kill him, and so kept him as a pet, and doubtless he appreciated the clemency bestowed upon him. "Prempeh," as he now was called, used to follow Major Donovan about wherever he went, just like a dog; and if he wandered away while grazing, he would instantly return to his master's side when he recalled him by uttering a peculiar burring sound known to the natives and used by them as we do a whistle to recall a dog. "Prempeh" followed the Major down to Cape Coast Castle, and apparently seems none the worse for his trip oversea, during which time he became very popular with both passengers and crew of the *Benin*. The Board of Agriculture courteously granted a permit for the animal to be landed, and Messrs. William Watson and Co. (Major Donovan's agents at Liverpool) have forwarded the ram to her Majesty's show farm at Windsor, where he is now doing well. The following lines were composed by a passenger on board Captain Keen's ship—

The Major had a little lamb
Whose fleece was black as soot,
And where the long-legged Major went
That lamb was bound to scoot.
The Major had a great desire
To give that lamb away,
And with her Gracious Majesty
He hopes that lamb will stay.

The pets at Windsor are a subject of endless interest to the Queen and her subjects. For instance, the Summer Number of the *Feathered World* contains an admirably illustrated article by Mr. E. M. Jessop on the aviary at Windsor.

With regard to the death of the Duc de Nemours, particular mention should be made of the interesting facts that he married a Saxe-Coburg-Gotha Princess, and that his eldest son, the Comte d'Eu, and also another grandson of Louis Philippe, Augustus of Saxe-Coburg (son of Princess Clementina of Orleans and brother to Ferdinand of Bulgaria), both married daughters of the late Emperor of Brazil, Dom Pedro II. The title Comte d'Eu is synonymous with the name of the Brazilian province of Conde d'Eu, and the deceased Duke's eldest son was mentioned frequently during the Brazilian troubles some years back, owing to his being the husband of the then heiress-presumptive, Princess Isabella, who often acted as Regent on behalf of her illustrious father. Isabella was, in 1888, the Catholic Princess to whom the Pope sent the much-prized Golden Rose. Leopoldina was the name of her sister, who left Augustus of Saxe-Coburg a widower.

"Carfax," the Oxford church familiar to every visitor to that ancient city, which stands at the meeting of the four main streets, is, I see, about to be pulled down. No great interest attaches to this building, which was erected on the site of a very ancient church in 1820-22. A paper descriptive of Oxford, in a Cyclopædia published a few years later, informs me that "St. Martin or Carfax Church has been recently erected. It was built by general subscription and parochial rates; the University, as a body, and most of the Colleges, contributed liberally. The Corporation gave, as a first subscription, £600, and nearly all its members subscribed individually. St. Martin's is the City Church where the Mayor and Corporation attend divine service on Sundays, at eleven in the morning and four in the afternoon. There are four lecturers, chosen by the four aldermen, the eight assistants, and the recorder, who are called the Thirteen. The former church was a very ancient structure, and no record of the time of its erection now remains. It is conjectured that at an early period it was much larger; the tower, it is certain, was once much higher; but it was taken down to the height at which it now appears by command of Edward III." The reason for this reduction in height quoted from some early document points to the Town and Gown rows of the Middle Ages. It was done, so it appears, "upon complaint of the scholars. The townsmen could in time of combat with them retire to the tower as to a castle, and thence gall and annoy them with arrows and stones."

Ushant, a name which has inspired us with so gruesome an interest during the last few days, is the Ouessant of the French, the Uxantis of the Ancients, and, besides its active fishery, does something in the way of horse- and sheep-rearing on its somewhat limited pastures. Of the inhabitants of these ironbound islands that have proved so fatal to the *Drummond Castle*, inhabitants whose sympathy and Christian qualities have evoked so warm an admiration here, I find it curtly recorded that "they are said to have remained idolaters till the seventeenth century." That they are imbued with a truly Christ-like spirit now many a mourner will testify. Ushant was, by the way, the scene of an indecisive naval action between England and France in 1778. Talking of Ushant and its dangerous shores and currents, the captain of a P. and O. steamer, which passed the fateful spot but a few brief hours before the doomed vessel, told a friend of mine that so heavy was the westerly wind, so strong the set of the currents, that he gave a margin of twenty miles to his boat, and found even that insufficient. The mystery of poor Captain Pierce's terrible mishap will probably never be solved.

Another Eisteddfod is come and gone, and bardic and national enthusiasm have been in nowise diminished. On Monday week, at the gay little town of Llandudno, the ceremony opened before a throng of two thousand people come to witness the rites of the Gorsedd. The colour was engrossing, and a little startling. White mingled with black, green, sky-blue, gold and silver; Druids and military bands, Ovates and the "successor of the lamented Clwydfardd," passed in procession to the mystic circle of twelve stones, in the centre of which was the Maen Llog, occupied by the Archdruid Hwfa Mon—otherwise, the Rev. R. Williams. The competitions took place in the Eisteddfod Pavilion, and on this, the first day, the prize for the chief choral competition was awarded to Bwlth, a result greeted by all with enthusiasm. On the second day the Earl of Denbigh, as President, delivered a humorous oration, which was followed by much music; in the male choir competition, the choirs of Porth and Moelwyn were so good that the prize was divided between them. It appears, however, that the great bardic competition was not a complete success. It fell to the lot of the Rev. Ben Davies to win the money prize and the beautiful carved chair in which he was seated, the while a sword was held above his head and Druids emblazoned with the signs of the Zodiac stood around. It was an impressive ceremony, and will take place again next year at Festiniog.



THE BARDIC CHAIR.

Photo by Young, Llandudno.

Mrs. W. K. Clifford, instead of publishing her forthcoming volume of short stories in the autumn in the now orthodox six-shilling form, is bringing it out immediately at two shillings, and in the familiar French "yellow back" form and shape. Considering the great popularity of the old-fashioned railway novel, it is strange that more latter-day novelists do not adopt a cheap paper binding. The French, who are eminently practical, have found their advantage in the universal *format*—if a book is worth keeping, it is worth binding well; if rubbish, why waste even a superfluous sixpence over the first outer covering?

At the Actors' Orphanage Fund Bazaar every theatre was represented at one or more stalls. Miss Letty Lind took your photograph while you waited; Miss Geneviève Ward presided over the refreshment counter; Miss Gertrude Kingston dispensed flowers; the Dolls' Exhibition, in which each little figure had been dressed by a well-known actress to represent herself in a favourite character, was admirably organised by Miss Carlotta Harrison; Mrs. Clement Scott did a good trade in signed photographs; Mrs. Oscar Beringer, improving on the idea, sold novels and plays signed by their authors; Miss Carmen Nethersole dealt with cigars and cigarettes; and a crowd of fair ladies, including Miss Cissie Loftus, Mrs. Cecil Raleigh, Miss Kate Rorke, Miss Lydia Flopp, Miss Jessie Bond, and others, were to be found here, there, and everywhere, tempting the visitors, professional and otherwise, with their wares.

With reference to the Deputy-Master of the Mint's interesting historical account of the figure of Britannia on our copper coinage, and also to the recent discovery of a depiction of that personage by a mark on paper in a book printed in the Armada year, I might point to the great value of the study of paper-marks to bookmen. The real date, place, and printer of early works have before now been ascertained by the presence of the paper-mark known to have been employed by particular printing-houses. For instance, the sizes of paper called "pott" and "crown" are derived from the marks on such foldings of the sheet, and modern makers follow the custom of their predecessors hundreds of years ago in putting their initials on their paper. Just one example. In a rare work, issued at Rome in 1489 by a German, the paper-mark is that of a bear, and a possible theory is that the printer, or his paper-maker, was under the patronage of the Orsini, the rivals of the House of Colonna in the affairs of Rome. Of course, the blank leaf on which the mark is usually seen must be an original part of the book, and not a new end-page inserted in rebinding.

It is good news to hear that there is a prospect of Mr. Henry Cust filling another editorial chair. The gaiety of nations was decidedly eclipsed when the *Pall Mall Gazette* lost Mr. Cust's control, with all those amusing allusions to Lobengula and the Occ. Poet. If it be true that the name of Mr. Cust's next literary venture will be the *Mayfair Gazette*, there is reason to expect a lively addition to London newspapers.

Mr. Gilbert James's illustrations of the "Song of Solomon" to which a correspondent, whom I called a foolish young man, objected continue to bring me curious letters. A lady from Southsea writes me—

I think, and doubtless there are many thousands who think, those ancient-looking illustrations of the Canticles are true and exact to the period in every particular. He was indeed "a foolish young man" who found fault with them.

On the other hand, a Northampton correspondent says—

I cannot but think these illustrations would have been better left out. If your "foolish young man" is, as I think, one who prefers to keep the good and simple belief that was taught him in boyhood, of the sacredness of his Bible, untarnished, then he had much better not "devote a little attention to modern criticism of the Bible," for, to my thinking, he will be neither a happier nor a better man for so doing.

Is the author of "Kathleen Mavourneen" really dead? It is true I, along with others, announced the fact, but Miss (or Mrs.) Simpson, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, writes me (under date July 1) that Mr. Crouch is not dead. She says—

I believe I am almost the only person in this country that he corresponds with, excepting at long intervals. I heard from him of his serious illness, and saw in a New York paper an account of his "last words," &c., but the same paper carefully refrained from saying he was actually dead. I heard from him (in his own handwriting) only *last week*. He is better, and going about again. Two years ago I was the means of sending him a handsome present (twenty-five pounds), and in return he wrote the music of the song I take the liberty of sending you. "Donna Dear" is the last song of his that has been published, and already is gaining great favour.

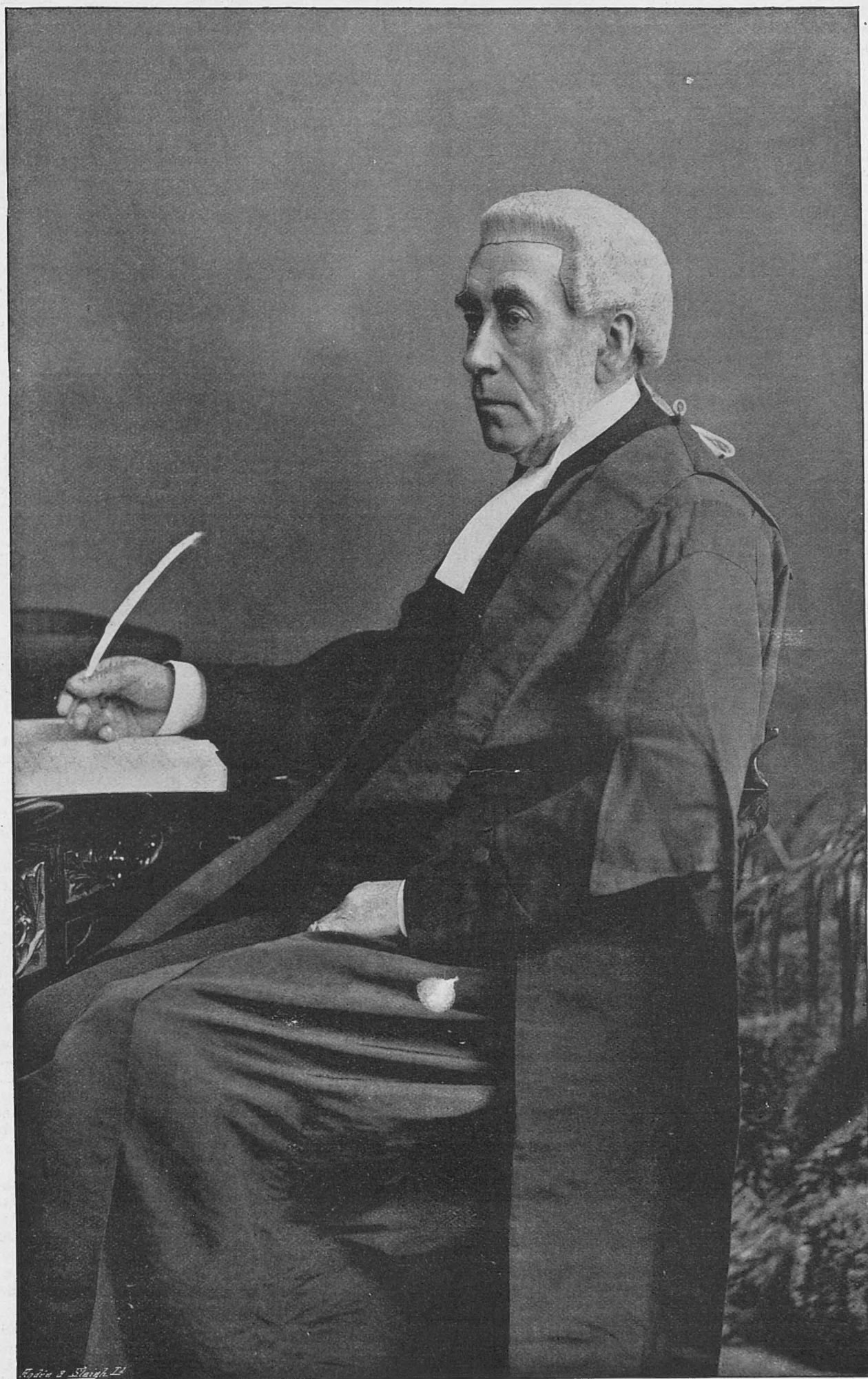
Meeting a clerical friend engaged in district-visiting (writes a correspondent), I was induced to accompany him into a neighbourhood so squalid and, in this warm weather, so close and foul-smelling that I scarce took a good breath while there. In a poorly furnished room, tenanted by a widow and her family, I was introduced to a Crimean veteran, seventy years old, and hardly able to walk. He had served in the Grenadier Guards, and was at the Alma, Inkerman, and one of the few infantrymen engaged at Balaklava. He has (or rather, had, for he has been obliged to part with them) the two Crimean medals, with three clasps. Invalided home with scurvy, from the effects of which he has never fully recovered, he left the army after eleven years'

service, with the two medals and two good-conduct badges, but no pension. Since he has been unable to work he has been in receipt of a pension from Greenwich Hospital of fivepence a-day, lately augmented to ninepence. The widow, her husband having been befriended by the old man in his better days, allows him to sit in her room during the day; but he has to go to a common lodging-house to sleep, which costs him fivepence each night, leaving the veteran the magnificent sum of fourpence a-day for board, washing, and sundries. It was quite pathetic to see him brighten up on being asked about his experiences of the Army. When I came out I ran across a spick-and-span guardsman of his old regiment, and could not help wondering what his feelings would be if he were introduced to his brave old predecessor as an example of his country's gratitude. In conclusion, I may say the old man is known as a very respectable, well-conducted person, and this is vouched for by the clergyman of the parish.

"What is truth?" was, if my memory serves me rightly, a biblical conundrum without an answer. Indeed, I am not aware that an exact and comprehensive reply has ever been given to that very pertinent question. A friend of mine told me a funny story of a missionary bishop the other day, bearing on this particular subject, which was new to me, and perchance may be so to my readers. The ecclesiastic in question had always prided himself upon his absolute truthfulness under all possible combinations of circumstances. A moment came, however, when this strict adherence to veracity was put somewhat rudely to the test. There was a rising among the natives; the episcopal hut was attacked; the bishop was compelled to flee for bare existence, and, like the "three men of Bristol City," he "took ship and went to sea," or, to be more accurate, got into a canoe, and was rowed down the river for his life. The enraged natives—who, luckily, did not know him by sight—followed fiercely in a larger craft, and at length overtook the fugitives. "Where is the bishop?" they yelled (in some outlandish lingo), and then that dignitary stood up and replied, with great *savoir-faire*, "Pull, pull, my brave fellows, you are quite close to him now," and the savages passed him, in hot pursuit of a fugitive whom they had been led to believe was still slightly ahead of them. The bishop escaped, but I understand he has ever since had qualms as to whether he may not in that terrible emergency, though strictly truthful in words, have acted a lie.

Mr. William Alan MacDonald, who advocates a sort of Garden-of-Eden style of costume, and who, to a certain extent (one must draw the line somewhere in these matters), practises what he preaches, with the result that the police have a word to say, is not the first person who has had aspirations of a similar kind. That extraordinary genius William Blake was, it is said, strongly averse to clothes, and would occasionally array himself in the sort of suit which was worn by Hans Andersen's Emperor, whose new garments were, as the little child in the street observed, "just nothing at all"; but, then, William Blake did not go beyond his own grounds on such occasions—indeed, I believe it was only in a certain arbour that he indulged his taste for the nude. Then, were there not certain friends of the Shelleys who considered that air-baths were most healthy, and who indulged in them (with "nodings on") during some hours of the day? I have not an authority handy, but I think I am right, and in my own experience I can recall a certain old Devonshire clergyman, a namesake and relative of the author of the "Ingoldsby Legends," who, among other eccentricities, loved to work in his garden clad in a pair of shoes, a pair of pants, and nothing more, and who on such occasions was a source of considerable joy to me as I 'crawled like snail unwillingly to school.' Our friend Mr. MacDonald is not so original as, perchance, he may imagine.

Mr. Justice Bruce, in date of appointment, is the youngest but one of the Puisne Judges, though in actual age he has two or three juniors. He was born in 1839, and comes from the Tyne. Glasgow University had the honour of completing his education, and he was called to the Bar by the Middle Temple in 1859. Sir Gainsford was a member of the North-Eastern Circuit, and, as was natural in a Tynesider, went in for Admiralty work, and enjoyed a large and lucrative practice both in country and town. In 1883 he took silk, and, unlike a large proportion of those who do so, he did not become an extinct volcano. In politics Conservative, he successfully contested Holborn, and for some years enjoyed the honour of adding M.P. to his Q.C. In the County Palatine of Durham he filled the high office of Chancellor, while, in addition, he was the Recorder for Bradford. In 1892 he had the honour of becoming Judge of the High Court, though not in the Division for which he is peculiarly fitted by his large knowledge of maritime matters. Sir Gainsford Bruce at present is not what is called a "strong" judge; he is now in the state referred to by the late Lord Justice Bowen, of being always afraid of going wrong—a state which leads to long trials, and also, on the whole, to a high proportion of just verdicts and correct judgments. Unlike some of his elder learned brethren, he does not regard a case simply as a thing to be got through, but as a matter in which there rests on him the heavy burden of elucidating truth and giving play to justice. His lordship has a countenance chastened by an air of settled gloom, which may be the protest of a truth-loving mind against the perjury that often assails his ears. His manner is courteous, his patience almost inexhaustible, and he is able to supplement a large store of learning by a sound human judgment. He is considered by many to be the best after-dinner speaker on the Bench.



MR. JUSTICE BRUCE.

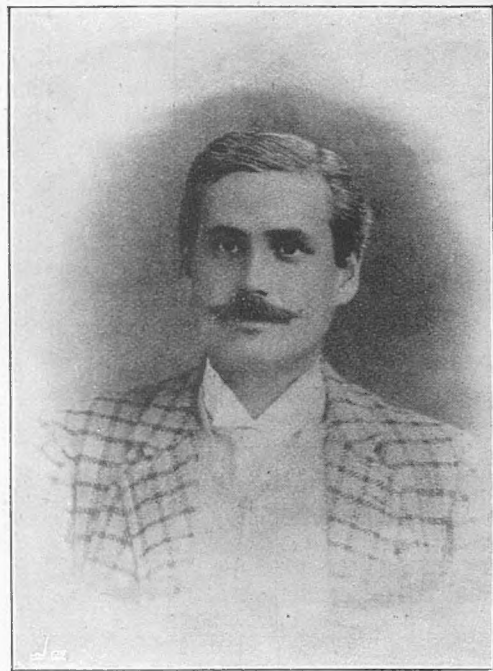
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. J. WHITLOCK, BIRMINGHAM.

I see that Madame Hope Glenn is to give a concert on Wednesday, at 3 p.m., at the house of Mrs. Asquith, 20, Cavendish Square. Madame Glenn will be assisted by Mr. David Bispham, Mr. Plunkett Greene, Mrs. Hutchinson, Miss Macpherson, Mr. Jack Robertson, and Madame Haas; and Miss Beatrice Herford will give one of her witty monologues. The concert is under the patronage of the Duchess of Bedford, the Countess Grosvenor, the Countess of Airlie, Mrs. Asquith, Lady Pollock, Mrs. Gully, the American Ambassador, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mrs. W. K. Clifford, and others. Madame Glenn's beautiful contralto voice is too seldom heard, and I am glad to hear there is a great demand for tickets, which can be obtained from Lady Pollock, Mrs. Clifford, and Mrs. Hutchinson.

Mr. Jack Robertson, by the way, is singing "Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen" in the "School for Scandal" at the Lyceum, where he is not a new-comer, for his beautiful "Sigh no more, ladies," sung in the production of "Much Ado About Nothing," at the same theatre, still lingers in one's memory. Born in Valparaiso, he came home before he was five years of age, and was educated entirely at King's School, Canterbury, only returning to South America when he was eighteen in order to enter a mercantile firm at Lima in which his brothers were interested, remaining for three years, and leaving owing to the failure of the firm with which he had been associated. On his return to England he was in great request, socially, for he had already discovered a lovely tenor voice, and, as his sisters had been educated for the musical profession, it did not need much persuasion to induce him to study for the same goal. He at once entered the Royal Academy of Music, studying there as well as privately under Signor Randegger, who

has been his only professor. Before three weeks of his studentship had fled he was heard at one of the Academy concerts, and soon won the Evill Scholarship, as well as becoming a medallist, and, after singing with success at several Metropolitan and provincial concerts, he was secured by Sir Henry Irving to sing "Sigh no more, ladies," in which song his success was unquestionable, and he was engaged for the subsequent tour of the Lyceum Company in America.

On his return to London, Mr. Robertson decided to sing only at concerts and musical soirées, but, after declining several tempting offers from London managers, he



MR. JACK ROBERTSON.

Photo by Charlton, Canterbury.

was finally induced by Mr. D'Oyly Carte to accept an engagement as principal tenor at the Savoy. This was practically his first appearance on the stage, and he undertook the parts of Ralph Rackstraw in "Pinafore," Frederic in "The Pirates of Penzance," and Nanki-Poo in "The Mikado," and later on he created the part of Alfredo in "The Mountebanks," at the Lyric Theatre, also appearing in a one-act opera by B. C. Stephenson and Jakobowski, called "The Venetian Singer," produced at the Court Theatre. Mr. Robertson is now engaged regularly at the Ballad and other leading concerts. He is an inveterate cyclist—indeed, as long as ten years ago, he rode one to the theatre every evening—and he is a good cricketer, having played a great deal during the time of the Thespian Club period; and, though he now lives in London, he spends most of the summer months at his cottage in Kent, about five miles from Canterbury, where he enjoys himself with shooting, golf, and his cycle. He is also a great lover of animals, his dogs being well known at the theatres for their clever tricks; but Mr. Robertson says he thinks his only eccentricity has been that for seven years he was a strict vegetarian, giving up that diet only about three years ago on account of the difficulties he had to contend with when travelling, for he is always one of the attractions of the Patti tours, and next autumn will "go out" again with "La Diva."

I have had occasion more than once to refer to the admirable performances of Gilbert and Sullivan's operas given by the boys attending the Grocers' Company Schools at Hackney. These miniature mummings have been brought up to their high state of perfection by Mr. Ernest Newton, who has written a good deal of popular ballad music. I went to a recital of old national songs given by him on Thursday at the Steinway Hall, at which he was accompanist. Mrs. Ernest Newton sang "Ailsa Mine," and was heard to advantage in a duet with Mr. Cunliffe, entitled "The Golden Goose," both from her

husband's pen. Miss Grainger Kerr sang an old Irish song, "Shule Agra," with charming pathos, also a new song, "Doris Darling." Miss Muriel Handley in her violoncello solo and Mr. Henry Beaumont were well received.

There are changes and rumours of change in the world of the theatre. The sudden death of Sir Augustus Harris has brought up a veritable mushroom crop of schemes, and during the week I can honestly say that at least half-a-dozen ambitious intentions have been brought under my notice. The signs of the moment point to a condition of pantomimic and operative anarchy, in which I fear that more money will be lost than won. It is very easy for the merry manager to reckon that the receipts poured into the coffers of Drury Lane and Covent Garden are about to be distributed over London. This is not the case at all, but the veriest theatrical tyros must know much of the patronage extended to the productions of poor Druriolanus was personal, by which I mean that it came from men who paid their money because they believed they would get money's-worth. Without the confidence of playgoers, the impresarios and other ambitious gentlemen would do well to remain in the retirement that really becomes them admirably. Certainly some of the men who have been so much in evidence during the past few days could almost afford to retire on their fiascos, in place of laurels.

A sense of humour exists in many people, but who would have thought it extended to railway-engines? In these columns I have announced many important discoveries; let me add another to the lengthy list. Last week I travelled on the suburban line of a railway company which must be shameless—I mean, nameless. It was certainly a hot day and an uphill journey, but I can't otherwise account for our rate of progress, unless the engine-driver was trying to save his coals. We stopped at and between every station; we dawdled as never train dawdled before, except upon this shocking line, and the language I felt bound to use must have plunged my soul's salvation into peril. I was very much overdue at a tennis-party, so there was some excuse for me. Just after the train, with great effort, had managed to break from a walk to a trot, we stopped altogether, and there was a deal of spluttering from the engine, as though it had gone into convulsions. I looked out and saw a new board on the bank with this notice, "Speed not to exceed ten miles an hour." The exquisite satire of this order was too much for the engine; it was laughing fit to burst its boiler.

The Cambrian Railways Company announce a series of excursions from London to all the principal stations on that system, including Aberystwyth, Barmouth, Aberdovey, Harlech, Criccieth, and Pwllheli, at fares ranging from sixteen shillings to twenty-two shillings. The tickets will be issued every Saturday in July, August, and September, and are available to return on Saturdays and Mondays within seventeen days of date of issue. These tickets may be obtained in advance from the London office, 41, Gracechurch Street, E.C.

I think that among the most interesting features in the history of recent international relations is the formation of the Franco-Scottish Society. And it is none the less notable from the fact that it has come about so quietly. The Frenchman and the Scot seem at first sight to have very little in common, but, as a matter of fact, they have had so much communication with each other and for such a long time as to suggest some affinity of temperament which I have not space to analyse. Scotland is the greater debtor, however, for to this day the Scots Universities have retained the main principles of the mediæval French colleges even more than the latter have done themselves. The connection has been maintained in recent times mainly through the education of Scots Catholics in Paris, but it is likely to be extended to many by the agency of the Franco-Scottish Society. I have before me a little pamphlet dealing with the society. From it I learn the following curious facts, which prove clearly that French *savoir-faire* and Scotch shrewdness both had a share in drawing up the rules and framing the constitution. The French and Scottish members each elect a National Committee with its own office-bearers. Representative men of both nations have taken a keen interest in the society; the late Jules Simon was the first president of the French branch, Lord Reay being his Scotch colleague, and among the vice-presidents are the Duke of Fife, the Marquis of Lothian, the Principals of the four Scottish Universities, and Sir George Reid, representing, it is to be presumed, Scots art. Among the French office-bearers, Dr. Brouardel, M. Lavis, Vicomte Melchior de Vogüé, Professors Boutmy, Bufnoir, and many other learned Frenchmen distinguished in the worlds of science, literature, and learning, show with what wide interest this revival of an old tie has been greeted.

Last April forty Scotchmen and Scotchwomen, many distinguished, all keenly concerned in the project, attended the inaugural meeting of the society in Paris. M. Jules Simon held a reception to welcome the foreign members, and several meetings took place at the new Sorbonne, the constitution and rules of the society being there thoroughly discussed before being drawn up. Between whiles, combining pleasure and business, parties were made up to visit those spots in Paris specially interesting to Scotch folk, including the old Scots College in the Rue Cardinal Lemoine, where there still exists the chapel, containing an interesting monument to James II. The long connection between the Scots and the French is significantly shown by the drawing forming a frontispiece to the pamphlet, of Joan of Arc surrounded by her faithful "Garde Ecossaïse."

M. Georges Montbard has just published, through Messrs. Hutchinson and Co., a curious volume purporting to be a conversation between John Bull and La Belle France. He calls this little gossip "The Case of John Bull in Egypt, the Transvaal, Venezuela, and Elsewhere." M. Montbard, who is a patriotic Frenchman, has had the advantage of a twenty-five years' residence in England, and he gives a telling picture of how the Occupation of Egypt, the South African Question, and so on, are regarded by the Parisian boulevardier, to say nothing of the feelings which actuate the French politician. The author is evidently extremely anxious to promote good feeling between the two countries, and although his views and assertions are not calculated to please the latter-day Imperialist, they afford an excellent answer to the question lately asked, "Why are we disliked?" On the other hand, M. Montbard is surely scarcely fair to that British institution Public Opinion. The very words, as we understand them, have no equivalent in the French language, and France's best friends have often had to deplore the utter lack of the feeling, state of mind, call it



JOHN BULL'S SPHERE OF INFLUENCE.

what you will, which they express. Were the French nation capable of voicing a Public Opinion on any subject, many events deplored by M. Montbard would probably have never occurred. "The Case of John Bull" is illustrated by some capital drawings, or rather, caricatures, which go far to make M. Montbard's meaning clear, and which also add an artistic value to the book.

John Bull in his wanderings has perforce to have strange bed-fellows. Thus, in the Soudan he has utilised the camel, which has taken to its

new masters with as much grace as is possible with it. The scene of the desert pictured in the accompanying photograph is very typical of the camel at home.

What has been done about that most delectable island of Trinidad, the occupation of which by the British a few months since gave such umbrage to the excitable Brazilians? Venezuela and South Africa appear to have snuffed out the question for the moment; but I suppose it is sure to crop up again sooner or later. I happened the other day to take up Captain Marryat's old novel, "Frank Mildmay," and in the nineteenth chapter of that excellent book came on a most vivid and (apparently) life-like description of the collection of volcanic rocks which have so long been deserted, and for which Brazil seems to have developed so sudden an affection. "The precipitous and rugged ironbound coast, with high and pointed rocks, frowning defiance over the unappeasable and furious waves which broke incessantly at their feet, and recoiled to repeat the blow," appear to have given Frank Mildmay as much trouble to land as they did Mr. Knight's amateur "adventurers" many a long year after. Captain Marryat's whole description of the island is most striking, and induced me to believe that Frank Mildmay's adventure was his own. I ventured, so impressed was I, to ask Miss Florence Marryat if this were really the case, and that lady most courteously replied that "the novel 'Frank Mildmay' was drawn altogether from the personal experiences of my late father, Captain Marryat, as in a great measure all his novels were." Any of my readers anxious to obtain some knowledge of this bone of contention might do worse than turn to the most readable pages of "Frank Mildmay."

One section, at any rate, of Bungert's Homeric tetralogy, to which I lately referred, is shortly to be performed on the operatic boards. "Penelope," with the faithful wife and the wandering Odysseus as the principal characters, is talked of for early production at Dresden.

Among the many callings recently adopted by the noble army of self-reliant "New Women," one of the least poetical and sentimental (not to put too fine a point on it) is that of Garbage Inspector. A lady has been appointed lately to that post in Denver, and she is credited with the intention of burning the waste matter coming under her purview, for the purpose of fertilising barren lands in the neighbourhood.

If you want to go to Henley, the Great Western Railway will sell you tickets at their office, 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Charing Cross, up to seven o'clock this evening. Thus you save much time and trouble at Paddington. By the way, the Theatrical Regatta takes place at Barnes on the 26th inst.



IN THE DESERT.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. FERARD.

When I was much younger I lived in a state of great doubt as to whether sisters were a dispensation of Providence or a music-hall arrangement. On reaching years of indiscretion I became acquainted with specimens of the special brand of sisters attached to variety theatres, and found that these curious relatives were generally unlike in



THE SISTERS ABBOTT.
Photo by Hall, New York.

every way, and possessed nothing in common except incapacity and a mother who usually received about twenty-five shillings a-week and a free pass to the family brougham. This common mother was often led into strange remarks about her daughters, and these remarks, usually born of whisky-and-soda, helped to increase my state of uncertainty. If it had not been for deep devotion to sisters of one or two friends, I should have given up the relationship in disgust. Judge of my delight when I announce that, after many years, I have discovered two sisters alike in form and feature, born on the same day, with a charming mother whose resemblance to her daughters proves to the most sceptical that the relationship is genuine. The sisters Jessie and Bessie Abbott are the pretty ladies who move me to this paragraph of praise. They made their first appearance in England on the Empire stage last Monday week (June 29), and sang themselves into favour at once. I was introduced to them, in the afternoon of the same day, when I happened to look in at the Empire Theatre to see if any praiseworthy new turns were in rehearsal. The sisters told me that they had never sung out of America, and were originally in the company of Augustin Daly. After this engagement they appeared in "Little Christopher Columbus," under the management of Edward Rice; and then proprietors of variety theatres came along with tempting offers, and comic opera knew them no more. "You see," said Miss Bessie simply, "at the theatre we are worked to death and paid well; on the variety stage the work is lighter, the pay is splendid." With the philosophy of this remark I could not possibly cavil. After a brief chat the rehearsal commenced, and I discovered that Misses Bessie and Jessie are the possessors of really fine and admirably trained voices. Moreover, their refinement and good taste demonstrated that, though on, they are not of the music-halls. Such a turn as theirs, with its pretty songs and excellent mandoline-playing, is better than the efforts of ten low comedians or twenty trainers of miserable performing animals.

It is curious to note the little flashes of humanity that appear in odd corners of laborious dry-as-dust bookdom. Just such a flash I have come across in a very exhaustive bibliography of "The King's Book, or Eikon Basilike," by Mr. Edward Almack. It is a large quarto volume of some two hundred and fifty pages, in which the old point whether Charles I. or Bishop Gauden wrote the "Eikon" or not is discussed with almost painful minuteness. The latter part of it contains exhaustive account of all the seventy-six editions of this strange book, with reproductions of the quaint old title-pages and innumerable notes of a bibliographical character. To the unsympathetic eye it looks all so very dry, and yet embedded in the very heart of it I find just that touch

of humanity which redeems everything, from the point of view of the man in the street. I learn, to begin with, that the book has been entirely set by one compositor in the service of Messrs. Blades, East, and Blades, of Abchurch Lane. "That good man is not yet in Hanwell, but he has had many a hard fight with the story of the King's Book." And then Mr. Almack tells his own difficulties in the work of compilation, which was carried on "amongst manifold interruptions, and only in hours that could be spared from important and more profitable labours, or at holiday-time." He closes thus—

Sometimes, while my thoughts are two hundred and fifty years away with the inconsolable little Princess Elizabeth, a curly lock'd little girl climbs my knee, with "Father, we want you to come and play with us. When will my copy be ready, and will it have a picture of a rocking-horse?" Not a vain idea, for 'tis my hobby-horse, and will rock others to sleep for very weariness.

I don't remember when I came across such a very delightful interlude in such a book. I, too, know the charm of a hobby, dull enough perhaps to my friends, which may be ridden with pleasure and profit in my leisure moments, for experience has taught me that such a study is a harbour in distress, if I may be allowed to mix metaphors. And thus it is I am constrained to sing the Ballad of the Hobby-Horse—

Ah! long ago, in nurseryland—
How long ago it seems!—
When I had soldiers to command,
And dreamt such lovely dreams,
It was my dearest heart's delight
To range and lead my force,
And gallop forth to kill and fight
Upon my hobby-horse.

And when the phase of nursery days
Slipped far beyond my reach,
When life appeared a weary maze,
A text from which to preach,
I found a charm that made me glad,
A cure for all remorse,
'Twas nothing but a little fad—
A grown-up hobby-horse.

And every man is just the same—
One glories in his books,
Another rides (and writes) on game,
A third on stupid spooks;
The anti-vaccinator champs;
One raves of moor and gorse;
Another treasures postage-stamps—
Each has his hobby-horse.

The Scott's Greys (in the *Telegraph*)
Harass the mighty *World*,
From which the Archer, scorning chaff,
His arrows oft has hurled.
For, be your hero Mr. Sims,
Or be he Deutsch or Norse,
Your little crazes and your whims
Are just your hobby-horse.

Methinks I see with fancy's eye
The squadrons trooping past,
Some simply ambling slowly by,
Some charge with trumpet blast;
But one and all, from kid to king,
Would willingly endorse
That life would be a dreary thing
Without its hobby-horse.

The three black pugs shown here belong to Miss Neish, and took the first prize at the recent show of the Ladies' Kennel Association. Daisy, Sam, and Dulcinea, as they are called, were born last March, and are by Miss R. Mortival's Nigger Sam out of Doatie Dearest.



A FAMOUS TRIO—MISS NEISH'S DAISY, SAM, AND DULCINEA.
Photo by J. Rodger, Broughtly Ferry.

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MADAME AMY SHERWIN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, REGENT STREET, W.

SOME LONDON PUBLISHERS.

XIV.—MESSRS. METHUEN AND CO.

The firm of Methuen and Co., which has just entered its seventh year of existence, takes its title from one of the Christian names of its proprietor, Mr. A. M. M. Stedman. The history of this house is almost unique in the annals of publishing—founded, as it was, by an amateur whose



MR. A. M. M. STEDMAN.

Photo by West, Godalming.

time and energy were claimed by another profession. Mr. Stedman has been from his childhood a devoted lover of books, and very early developed a bibliographical faculty, as well as an itch for writing. His first book, a Greek Grammar, was perpetrated at the mature age of eight. The son of Mr. J. B. Stedman, F.R.C.S., of Godalming, he went to Oxford at seventeen, and took his degree with classical honours in 1877. His Oxford career still further developed his literary tendencies, and in 1878, while tutor at a coaching establishment, he wrote a book on Oxford life—a work of considerable audacity, which was received with severe criticism. At the age of twenty-five he started

a Preparatory School, which he carried on with success for twelve years. During this time he wrote about twenty-six educational books (nearly all of which have passed into a second and several into a fourth edition), and re-edited his book on Oxford. It was while securing contributions for this book from Oxford men that the idea of publishing on his own account first entered his mind. Mr. Henson, a Fellow of All Souls, had written a very lively chapter on the history of the University, and Mr. Stedman suggested that he should expand his chapter into a book, of which, in some vague way, he conceived the idea of becoming the publisher. Mr. Henson declined the task, but suggested in its place a "History of English Nonconformity." Here, then, is the genesis of the enterprise, and here also is the end of the first book—for from that day to this no more has been heard of the proposed History of English Dissent.

After this the idea of founding a publishing house became more definite, and Mr. Stedman communicated it to various well-known writers, from several of whom he received encouragement and promise of support, though from most his audacious scheme naturally met with a discouraging reception. The Rev. S. Baring-Gould and Edna Lyall both promised books, and in June 1889 a very small back-room was taken at 18, Bury Street, Bloomsbury, the house of a remainder bookseller, Mr. W. W. Gibbings. Mr. Stedman, being engaged in school-work, had no time to spare for the details of publishing, and Mr. Gibbings acted as his trade manager. The first book published was Edna Lyall's "Derrick Vaughan, Novelist," and its sale of 25,000 copies (it is now in its forty-first thousand) was a good augury for the future of the infant business. Later in the year two books by Mr. Baring-Gould were published, "Old Country Life" and "Historic Oddities and Strange Events"—the former is now in its fifth and the latter in its third edition; and at about the same time Mr. Stedman took over his own school-books from Messrs. George Bell and Sons. In 1890 about twenty more books were published, chiefly novels and biographies, and a second room was taken. The business grew steadily, but no striking success was attained until the publication, in 1892, of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Barrack-Room Ballads." This book had an enormous sale, eight large editions having been up to the present exhausted. Following this came several more books by that versatile author Mr. Baring-Gould, including the very popular "Tragedy of the Caesars," which, with its numerous illustrations from busts, gems, and cameos, and its vivid narrative, makes a very splendid and intensely interesting volume. Mr. Collingwood's "Life of John Ruskin" was another considerable success of this period, and one of the few books which, at 32s., has almost immediately achieved the success of a second edition.

In 1894 handsome new offices were taken in Essex Street, and by this time the business was firmly established. The later history of the firm—that is, during the last two years—has been one of increasing prosperity, and a year ago Mr. Stedman, finding the combination of teaching and publishing too severe a strain, gave up the former.

Messrs. Methuen publish all classes of literature. Their novels are well known, and they now publish various important books in theology,

history, and philosophy. Among the numerous anthologies issued by this house, special mention may be made of Mr. Henley's "Lyra Heroica," Mr. Quiller Couch's "Golden Pomp," and Mr. W. B. Yeats's attractive and catholic selection of Irish verse. In fiction the more conspicuous successes have been Marie Corelli's "Barabbas" and "Sorrow of Satan," of which over 100,000 copies have been exhausted; Mr. E. F. Benson's "Dodo," which is now in its sixteenth edition; Mr. Stanley Weyman's "Under the Red Robe," now in its eighth edition; Mr. Conan Doyle's "Round the Red Lamp"; Mr. Baring-Gould's "In the Roar of the Sea" and the "Broom-Squire"; Mr. Anthony Hope's "God in the Car," a remarkable book now in its seventh edition, and the same author's "Chronicles of Count Antonio"; Mrs. W. K. Clifford's "Flash of Summer"; Mr. Gilbert Parker's "The Seats of the Mighty"; Mr. Morrison's "Tales of Mean Streets"; and Miss Findlater's "Green Graves of Balgowrie."

Among historical works Professor Flinders Petrie's "History of Egypt from the Earliest Times to the Present Day," and Professor Bury's new edition of Gibbon (the appearance of which latter has been fully signalled in a former number of *The Sketch*) are enjoying a great success. In biography Mr. Collingwood's "Life of John Ruskin" and Mr. Lock's "Life of Keble" have had a large sale; and in general literature R. L. Stevenson's "Vailima Letters" have recently excited keen interest, and the first large edition was exhausted soon after its publication. In theology they have published books by Canons Driver and Cheyne, and Mr. R. L. Ottley; they are now preparing a series of Commentaries on the Books of the Bible, edited by Professor Lock; and a series of theological works edited by Mr. A. Robertson. They publish numerous series, among which the best-known are the "Leaders of Religion," the "University Extension," the "Social Questions," and the "Classical Translation." It hardly enters into the scope of the present paper to speak of the forthcoming books of the firm; but we may mention that Messrs. Methuen will publish R. L. Stevenson's "Life and Letters," which Mr. Sidney Colvin is engaged in editing, and which gives every promise of being the most important work of its kind since the appearance of Lockhart's "Life of Scott"; Victor Hugo's complete Correspondence, a work said to be of intense interest; and a magnificently illustrated Life of Napoleon I. by Mr. Baring-Gould.

Messrs. Methuen are shortly about to bring out a uniform edition of Marie Corelli's works, and they publish all the novels of Mr. Baring-Gould and Mr. Gilbert Parker. Among the authors for whom they have published or will publish books, in addition to those already mentioned, are Robert Barr, John Davidson, S. R. Crockett, G. M. Fenn, "John Oliver Hobbes," the Hon. Emily Lawless, Lucas Malet, Andrew Lang, W. Clark Russell, and H. G. Wells.

Mr. Stedman does most of his work in the country, preferring to exercise a general control over the business from his home amid the romantic scenery of Hindhead, Surrey, a locality first "discovered" by Professor Tyndall, whose house still stands on the top of one of the highest hills in the vicinity. Other distinguished literary and learned men have pitched their tents on one or other of these extremely invigorating spots. "Honey Hanger," which is the name of Mr. Stedman's charming house, signifies in the local dialect a "wooded slope," and is about seven hundred feet above the sea-level. It is surrounded by twenty acres of the most charming wildness conceivable. With the exception of a kitchen-garden and a small space devoted to the cultivation of Alpine plants, the grounds are in their primitive state of heather and brambles, ingeniously relieved here and there by small beds of roses and rhododendrons, and plantations of birch and fir. Wild-flowers flourish here in the greatest profusion. The scene of Mr. Baring-Gould's novel, "The Broom-Squire," is laid on the Surrey hills, and deals with the famous Hindhead murder of 1786. The novel itself was suggested by Mr. Stedman, and the locality with which it chiefly deals is within an easy walk of Mr. Stedman's exceedingly delightful place. It should be added that Mr. Stedman has secured the valuable assistance of



MR. G. E. WEBSTER.

Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

Mr. G. E. Webster as manager at the offices in Essex Street. Mr. Webster has an extensive and intimate knowledge of the publishing business in all its various and intricate departments, having been for about sixteen years with the firm of Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.

W. ROBERTS.

“THE QUEEN’S PROCTOR,” AT THE ROYALTY THEATRE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



THE HON. MISS PILKINGTON (MISS HELEN ROUS).

The most successful attempt to adapt the famous farce “Divorçons” undoubtedly is Mr. Herman Merivale’s “The Queen’s Proctor,” now running at the lately unprosperous playhouse in Dean Street. A great deal of the hearty laughter which greets the piece is due to the players, several of whom show remarkable ability. This is notably the case with Miss Violet Vanbrugh, who, in the part in which Mesdames Chaumont, Jane May, and Duse have done brilliantly, proves herself an actress of great comic power. It is to be regretted that the author should have hampered her by needlessly making the part Italian. As the husband, Sir Victor Crofton, Mr. Arthur Bourchier has a task for which his gift as vigorous light comedian fits him very well. Miss Mabel Beardsley adds not a little to the gaiety by her lively acting. It is hard upon Mr. Elliot that his part of the lover is drawn somewhat too heavily for the play. In Mr. Ernest Hendrie and Mr. Mark Kinghorne, Mr. Bourchier is so lucky as to possess two of the cleverest broad comedians in London, and in “The Queen’s Proctor” they do admirable work. The cast is as follows—

Sir Victor Crofton, Bart.,	Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER.
M.F.H.	
The O’Paque, M.P.	Mr. HENRY BAYNTUN.
Cæsar Borgia... ..	Mr. W. G. ELLIOT.
Joseph Papplecombe	Mr. ERNEST HENDRIE.
Reddie	Mr. MARK KINGHORNE.
Thompson	Mr. CHARLES TROODE.
Stokes	Mr. HENRY KITTS.
Gardener... ..	Mr. METCALFE WOOD.
Boy	MASTER BOTTOMLEY.
Lady Crofton... ..	MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH.
Lady Roller	Miss E. SCOTT DAYMAR.
The Hon. Miss Pilkington..	Miss HELEN ROUS.
Mrs. Maydew	Miss MABEL BEARDSLEY.
Williams	Miss KATHARINE STEWART.



MRS. MAYDEW (MISS MABEL BEARDSLEY).



LADY ROLLER (MISS E. SCOTT DAYMAR).



THE MAID (MISS STEWART) AND THE BUTLER (MR. TROODE).
"Dobbs on Divorce."



THE WAITER (MR. KINGHORNE) AND POPPLECOMBE (MR. HENDRIE).
"Keep your hair smooth, as a Scotchman should."



CÆSAR BORGIA (MR. ELLIOT) AND SIR VICTOR (MR. BOURCHIER).
"It will do for a riding-whip."



POPPELCOMBE AND SIR VICTOR.
"When we married we did a d— silly thing."

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MARRIAGE OF AN INDIAN PRINCE.

The marriage of the Rajah of Lunawada's heir has been celebrated with much pomp and rejoicing of a practical as well as of a festive kind. The Miniature Benares, as the city is sometimes called, is famed for its Sanscrit scholars, and, as an enduring memorial of the late royal marriage, a great public library, which bids fair to be the finest institution of the kind in India, is being built at Lunawada. The native princes have become keenly aware of the value of education, and many priceless manuscripts and old volumes once jealously treasured in palaces and temples are put freely at the disposition of both native and European students. The laying of the foundation-stone of the Ranjit Hall, or Library, and the declaring open of the Ranjit Fountain were ceremonies performed by Mrs. Clabby in the presence of a large gathering, headed by the Rajah himself, the British Political Agent, Dr. Pollen, the various local officers of the State, and a large crowd of English and native notables. The city was profusely decorated with triumphal arches and flags. The young Prince in whose honour Lunawada found itself *en fête* rejoices in the picturesque appellation of Kumar Shri Ranjitsingji, and his bride, who was, of course, conspicuous by her absence from the ceremonies, was a Princess of the illustrious Rajput principality of Multan.



SIR WAKATSINGJI, K.C.I.E., RAJAH OF LUNAWADA, AND HIS ELDEST SON, THE BRIDEGROOM.



THE BRIDEGROOM STARTING TO RIDE IN THE MARRIAGE PROCESSION.



In the Cab.

HE. My own at last!

SHE. Your very own! . . . But do mind my hat, darling!

HE. I can hardly realise it yet, Effie, that we are man and wife.

SHE. Oh, Harry! . . . Mind my hat, dear!

HE. Why not take it off?

SHE. Silly boy! Why, we shall be at the station directly, and that horrid cabman has looked round twice already.

HE. The beast! I say, do you think he suspects that we are a bridal couple?

SHE. I'm afraid he does. I heard him chuckle most offensively to himself when we got into the cab at the door.

HE. Never mind. I don't care if you don't. At the same time, I shouldn't like him to tell the porters. I'm awfully glad there wasn't any rice or shoes or tomfoolery of that kind. Even without 'em a bridegroom contrives to look quite enough of a fool.

SHE. And the bride?

HE. Looks like the angel that she is!

SHE. . . . Mind my hat, darling!

HE. Caught! Oh, confound that cabby! Why can't he—will you attend to your horse, sir? We are not a waxworks, or a penny peep-show!

SHE. Oh, Harry, did you see? He actually winked at you—such a disreputable old wink! I don't think he's sober, and I'm sure he's not a gentleman.

In the Train.

HE. There! Thank heaven, that's all over! I never dreamt they could spot us so easily. I've had to tip five porters, and even the stoker touched his cap at me, with that confounded knowing grin they're all sporting for the occasion. What is there about me that gives us away so completely?

SHE. Poor harassed boy! Was he badgered by the naughty porters? Come, then, and be comforted.

HE. You little witch!

SHE. Dearest! . . . But do mind my—

HE. No, now you *shall* take it off. There! I saw young Effie with her beaver off, and she was the sweetest, the rarest, the—may I put my arm so? Mine now, for ever and ever!

SHE. World without end!

HE. I ask for no better fortune than always to be with you. I dread no worse ill than the calamity of losing your love.

SHE. Doesn't it seem strange, Harry (Are you quite comfortable?), that, only three short months ago, neither of us so much as knew that the other existed, and now—?

HE. Why, now, *nous avons changés tout cela*. But I hardly did exist before I knew you, pet. Do you remember that glorious Thursday, when we first—

SHE. Can I ever forget it?

HE. How fetching you looked in the pink frock! I asked Tom to introduce me, but the selfish brute refused point-blank.

SHE. That pink frock, love, was a fawn-coloured one. Yes, and I remember so well asking Bertha who you were when you sang "The Old Brigade." I was quite touched, you sang it with so much feeling.

HE. It was "Father O'Flynn," dear. Do you know, I must have caught the fever precious soon, for I was absurdly jealous when I saw Tom talking confidentially with you in that alcove.

SHE. Foolish boy! Now, if I had paid any attention to what people were saying about your naughty carryings-on with Mrs. Berkley—

HE. That painted doll!

SHE. Painted, yes; but what lovely hair she has!

HE. No wonder, if she gives a guinea an ounce for it, as they say she does.

SHE. Harry, dear; let me whisper. I've—I've often wanted to thank you for respecting the confession I made to you that night in the conservatory at the Gaylords'. You've never even once alluded to it. I wondered I had the courage to tell you; but, you remember, it was too dark for you to see my face, and so I blundered through with it somehow. And then you kissed me! I began really to care for you from that night.

HE. At the Gaylords'?

SHE. Yes, you remember.

HE. But I swear I don't! I wasn't in the conservatory, and I heard no confession. Darling, you're dreaming!

SHE. Harry, do you mean to deny—?

HE. Effie, I honestly assure you, on my honour, I don't know what you're talking about.

SHE. Oh, please don't make a joke of it. You sat with me in the conservatory that night, and I—I made a confession, and you said you didn't care—that a trifle like that shouldn't separate us, and then you—you kissed me.

HE. The deuce I did!

SHE. For pity's sake—

HE. On my honour, that was not I! The first time I ever kissed you (it was in the dark, too) was when we were all returning in the wagonette from the Lethbridge dance, and you let me hold your hand, and then—

SHE. I did? I'm positive I didn't! Neither you nor anyone else touched my hand or lips that night.

HE. Gad, I kissed *someone*!

SHE. Harry!

HE. So then we may cry quits!

SHE. Please remove your arm; it hurts. I begin to see that we have been married a little too hastily. More than one of my friends warned me at the time—

HE. What, pray, did they warn you of?

SHE. Oh, of course, *you* have forgotten—you could hardly be expected to remember!—that Mrs. Berkley was sitting beside you in the wagonette that night.

HE. Only at first. We exchanged places after.

SHE. As well as kisses?

HE. Conf—! Well, at any rate, it was not I who gave myself away on that occasion.

SHE. You mean that I did, by my confession? Thanks so much.

HE. The thanks should come from Tom, as the favoured recipient of your confidences. I begin to perceive what a fool I have been all along; but even my fatuous credulity stops short at believing that you don't know Tom from me in the twilight. I may be an ass, Effie, but not *such* an ass, though cleverer men than I have been gulled by women less plausible than yourself.

SHE. Don't—don't dare to come near me! Keep away! I don't want your help. I can lower the window myself. Oh, I can't breathe in here! When does this train stop next?

HE. In about five minutes, I think.

SHE. Thank heaven for that! And now all I ask is that you will hold your peace, and say not a single word more until the train stops.

HE. And then?

SHE. "Then?" Do you need to ask? What else but good-bye? I am not so poor in spirit as to consent to live with a man whom I can neither love nor respect. We have made a bad blunder, and the best thing for us will be to separate at the very threshold.

HE. Well, perhaps it will. I presume you will take the up-train back to town, and I can go on by myself.

SHE. . . . Where to?

HE. Abroad somewhere. My lawyers shall have all necessary instructions as to alimony and all that, and you can communicate with them.

SHE. Very good. Then, there's nothing more need be said?

HE. Nothing.

SHE. Of course, we part—as it were—friends?

HE. As you like.

SHE. Oh, just as you please. . . .

HE. Did you—speak?

SHE. No.

HE. Oh, I beg your pardon. . . . Do you care to—have the window up?

SHE. Don't trouble. I think I can—

HE. No trouble. Allow me.

SHE. Of course, it doesn't matter now; but if you would care to know what it was I confessed that night—merely out of curiosity—I don't mind—

HE. No, no, not at all. I am never curious about trifles. But there's one thing I must tell you—just to clear my own character—and that is that Mrs. Berkley, to my certain knowledge, was sitting at least two yards—

SHE. Yes? Not that it matters in the slightest where that lady was sitting! Sorry to disturb you—my hat is on the seat—thanks awfully. If it isn't troubling you too much, would you send me back my luggage when you get to Dover? I hope you'll have a quiet crossing.

HE. Thanks. But I shall not cross to-night. I shall join the Orient Liner at Southampton for China instead.

SHE. Ch-China? Isn't that rather far? . . . And all I told that horrid man in the conservatory was that I had been engaged for a month when I was sixteen. And I know it wasn't Tom, for Tom has a moustache, and I didn't feel any when he—he— But it doesn't matter. We could never be happy together—and the train's stopping.

HE. Effie, let go that handle! You shall not leave this carriage! You're my wife, and I forbid— Effie! Remember, darling, whom God hath joined!

SHE. Guard! Come here, please!

HE. Effie! For heaven's sake, don't leave me! I love—I love you! I never meant to hurt—I never thought for a moment— Go away, guard! What the deuce—

SHE. If you please, guard, *could* you get me a glass of water? Here's a shilling, and never mind the change.

HE. Oh, Effie, Effie! Have I been out of my mind? Forgive—forgive!

SHE. And let us both forget. . . . Mind my hat, darling!—c. c. r.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

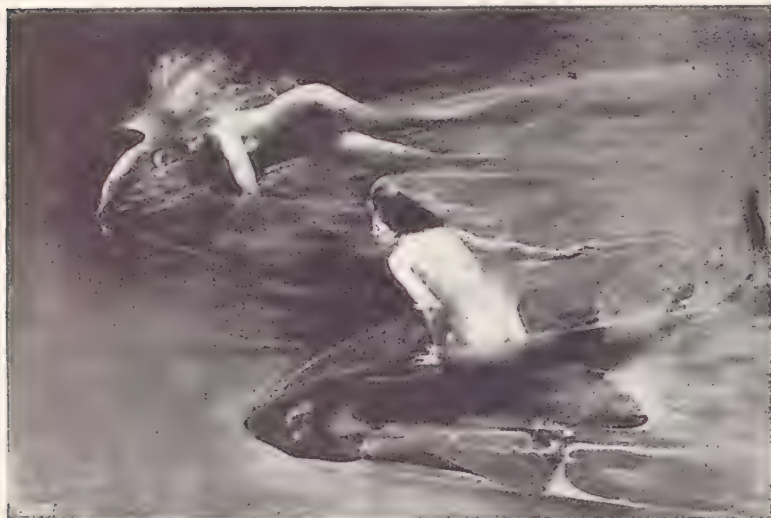


MISS COOPER.—OPIE.

THE PROPERTY OF MESSRS. DOWDESWELL, AND NOW ON VIEW AT THEIR GALLERIES, NEW BOND STREET, W.

ART NOTES.

Among painters of the best British School of portrait-painting Opie takes no mean rank. Lacking the beauty and inspiration of Sir Joshua, the rapturous elegance of Gainsborough, and the tenderness of Romney, Opie yet had a solidity of manner, a sculpturesque ideal of beauty, and a large artistic sense that are wholly admirable. A portrait of Miss Cooper



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"RACING NYMPHS.—J. R. WEGUELIN.

Exhibited at the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours.

by this painter, now on view at the Dowdeswell Galleries, New Bond Street, is reproduced in these columns. The composition of the figure is extremely dignified, and the modelling is quite masterly. The face lives with a look of vitality and power, and the contrast of the colouring is very fine. The picture has something monumental about it in its strength and quiet emphasis.

The career of John Opie was a curious one. He was born in 1761, and sprang from a Cornish family, and his father and grandfather were both carpenters. His father, after the paternal fashion, desired him to follow his own trade, but the boy, who had shown extraordinary precocity at the village school of St Agnes, near Truro, decided to find employment as a portrait-painter on the pad. He was in receipt of commissions to quite a reasonable extent when he attracted the attention of Dr. Wolcot (Peter Pindar), by whose exertions Opie was able within a short time to go to London, where he speedily attracted attention, and married a wife who, thirteen years later, ran away from him, giving him the opportunity of marrying, in 1798, the charming Amelia Alderson, who wrote a book, "Father and Daughter," which had the distinction of making Sir Walter Scott weep, and of persuading the *Edinburgh Review* into calling it "an appalling piece of domestic tragedy." She also wrote poetry, and her works are not remembered now: they seem to have foundered with astonishing unanimity somewhere about the year 1844.

In 1782 Opie sent his first works to the Royal Academy, of which he was subsequently to become a distinguished member, and popularity at once attended all his efforts and all his schemes; for a brief period, indeed, after this first popularity he fell somewhat in public favour; but in 1787, owing to the success of his picture, "The Assassination of David Rizzio," he was elected Associate of the Royal Academy, and in the year following he became a full member. The Rizzio, by the way, now hangs in the City Gallery at Guildhall. He then entered upon his career as a portrait-painter, painting for the next seven years nothing but portraits, which he sent for exhibition to the Royal Academy. He did a great deal of Shaksperian illustration, and also devoted himself to the composition of a series of lectures upon art, delivered at the Royal Institution, which have subsequently become, in a sense, classical. He died in 1807, at the early age of forty-six.

Among the "sketches and studies" now hanging at the Royal Institute is reproduced here Mr. Mason Jackson's "A Gale at Tynemouth," an energetic impression of sea and rock and driving sky; the leaping of the surf, the blind energy of the wind, the darkness and sudden light contrasted, are very carefully observed and recorded. Mr. J. R. Weguelin's "Racing Nymphs,"

in the Exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, is also reproduced here. The picture is in Mr. Weguelin's well-known manner, and is a striking example of his art.

Colonel Goff's little exhibition of drawings and pastels now on view at Mr. Dunthorne's Gallery in Vigo Street has much charm, and even fascination, about it. These little works seem to smile at and claim smiles from those that visit them. That they are perfect or attain any rank of supreme art need not be maintained. They are deficient, to a great extent, in atmosphere, and the colour thereby very often loses a glamour which it obviously should, but does not, possess. But of Colonel Goff's ability there cannot be the smallest doubt. He has the peculiar gift of catching a passing scene, an incident on the wing, and reproducing it exactly as it was and as you know it must have been.

The scale upon which he accomplishes this feat, always minute, makes it all the more remarkable; a populous street is his delight, and it would be difficult to name any other artist who can do just this difficult task so nimbly, so truly, and so delicately. This is particularly true of his Italian subjects, which, in this respect of character quickly caught, are very admirable indeed.

The Summer Exhibition at the Dudley Gallery touches the average of other Summer Exhibitions at the same gallery. The President, Mr. Walter Severn, sends characteristic work—work that is always pretty and pleasant to look upon, without vulgarity or violence or surprise. It would be superfluous to select names from a body of painters whose work is so uniformly respectable and conscientious, but the names of Miss Margaret Bernard and Mr. David Green may be mentioned among those whose work has distinct merit and originality.

Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. have just published a pleasant and amusing little volume, humorously illustrated in black-and-white, "A Yachting Holiday; from a Log sent to W. Ralston." The humours of the voyage are for the most part the humours of any other voyage, from the inevitable sea-sickness, the tumbling into the water, the precocious boy, the impossibility of managing the canvas satisfactorily, and the rest. But Mr. Ralston's illustrations have humour and suggestiveness in them. Though it is impossible to know why "yachting" should be spelt, for fun, "yottin'," seeing that the pronunciation of "yacht" and "yot" are precisely the same, there can be no doubt about the merits of the illustration, say, of a wet day on board, with the rain descending upon the water like ramrods. You feel the misery of the thing, and the water itself is admirably drawn. The photograph-taking scene is also quite good, and there exists throughout most of the drawings a touch of lightness and amusement that are pleasantly attractive.

Has it come to this, that the Röntgen rays are going to influence the world of art? Shall we be having portraits of varying merit of political and military skeletons lining the walls of the Academy in dim and future years? The suggestion sounds stale perhaps, but the Council of Arts has suddenly determined to show appreciation of the possibility, by awarding a silver medal to Mr. A. A. Campbell Swinton for his paper on the "Röntgen Photography of the Invisible." Or, may the time come when the Academy walls will be hung completely with blank canvas, the extreme beauties of which will become apparent only when the photography of the invisible is applied to the whole gallery?



A GALE AT TYNEMOUTH.—MASON JACKSON.

Exhibited at the Royal Institute.

THE NOTORIOUS JACK SHEPPARD.

Every trace of Old London is rapidly being improved off the face of the earth, and soon nothing will be left to remind us of the "good old days" when overhanging houses, creaking signboards, and projecting water-spouts added to the darkness and danger of the narrow, ill-lighted,



JACK IN THE STRONG-ROOM AT NEWGATE.

ill-paved streets, and when highway robbers and pickpockets carried on their business with almost complete impunity, while swaggering young men of the upper classes rivalled them in the art of bullying and alarming the harmless passenger. The two queer old gabled houses in Wych Street, which still stand, a picturesque relic of that period, have just been doomed to destruction by the reforming hand of the London County Council. No voice has yet been raised to suggest that they should be purchased for the nation, and yet one of those houses was the home for about six years of his life of a very famous character, the notorious Jack Sheppard. With the great

name of Jack Sheppard we are all more or less familiar. Jack Sheppard the Highwayman he is often called, but this is really a very incorrect description. A study of his life, as recorded in that moral and improving work, "The Newgate Calendar," and in other memorials of famous criminals, shows that, though Jack had no scrupulous objections to highway robbery, if circumstances were convenient, yet his principal occupation, and that by which he made his living, was the less romantic one of burglary or house-breaking. Indeed, his exploits on the highway were not attended with such brilliant success or such large profits as to lead him to follow that line of business exclusively. For instance, his first attempt produced only the paltry sum of two shillings and sixpence! He stopped a coach, but a lady's-maid was the sole occupant, and half-a-crown all her worldly wealth, and even this trifling sum he could obtain only by threatening the attendant footman with a pistol, and thus putting an end to his gallant defence of the lady. His second essay was not much more prosperous. He stopped a gentleman on the Hampstead Road, who was returning, in a cheerful and elevated condition, from some convivial party, but three shillings was his sole reward. Even a stage-coach which he gallantly assaulted next day furnished him with only twenty shillings.

The real genius of Jack Sheppard found no scope in the commonplace "Money or your life" method of robbery; it was in burglary that his marvellous skill in breaking bolts and bars and picking locks had full play. During his residence in Wych Street, where he was apprenticed to a carpenter named Wood, he used often to stay out till a late hour drinking in neighbouring taverns; but bolts and bars were nothing to him, and, however carefully he was shut out at night, he was always found comfortably in bed next morning.

Stepney has the honour of being his birthplace. His father died when he was quite a child, not, however, in the sudden and ignominious manner suggested by Harrison Ainsworth, for he was an honest and hard-working carpenter. Jack went to school for a short time in Bishopsgate Street, and was apprenticed to Mr. Wood through the kindness of a friend of his mother, a Mr. Kneebone, a linendraper of Drury Lane. There he maintained a good character for about six years, but in the last year of his apprenticeship he took to frequenting a disreputable ale-house, the Black Lion in Drury Lane. This was a favourite resort of the thieving fraternity, notably of members of Jonathan Wild's formidable gang, and there Jack made acquaintance with such reputable characters as Joseph Blake, nicknamed "Blueskin," and Dowling James Sykes, more appropriately known as "Hell and Fury." There, too, he made friends with "Edgeworth Bess," who became his companion in many of his robberies and assisted him in many of

his escapes. He soon imitated his friends in their business of plundering the public, and took advantage of his admission into houses as a carpenter to do repairs to carry off any portable property on which he could lay hands. The natural result was a quarrel with his respectable master, Wood, whom he finally left ten months before his apprenticeship was out. He then took to robbing right and left, but it is not for his robberies that he is celebrated, but for his marvellous escapes.

He first got into trouble over a burglary in Clare Market, which he had undertaken in company with his brother Thomas, who also combined the occupations of carpentry and house-breaking. Jack was captured through the treacherous devices of "Hell and Fury," who lured him into an eating-house in Seven Dials to play skittles and then sent for a constable. He was promptly imprisoned in the upper part of the Round-house of St. Giles, which was two storeys high; but the next day the watchman found that the bird had flown. With the assistance of a razor, he had contrived to break open the top of the Round-house, and, twisting his sheet and blanket into a rope, had descended in safety.

He was not very long at liberty. Stealing a gentleman's watch in Leicester Fields, he was stopped and captured, though he was ingeniously shouting "Stop thief!" with all his might. "Edgeworth Bess" was also arrested on suspicion, and the two were placed in a strong ward of the New Prison in Clerkenwell. The free-and-easy manner in which prison discipline was then conducted is apparent enough, for Jack was immediately supplied with the necessary implements to effect his escape by friendly visitors. After filing away an iron bar from the window, he and Bess managed to let themselves down into the courtyard, twenty-five feet below, and then to scale a wall more than twenty feet high.

A month or two after, with great ingratitude, he broke open the house of Mr. Kneebone, the kindly tradesman who had befriended him when he was a child, and this robbery soon brought him back to jail. For Kneebone complained of his loss to the all-powerful Jonathan Wild, at once the greatest thief and the greatest thief-taker of the time, who carried on, on a very extensive scale, the business of receiving and restoring stolen property, deducting a considerable percentage for his trouble from both the owner and the thief. Indeed, Nemesis seems to have pursued Sheppard for his ungrateful conduct to Kneebone. He and his companion "Blueskin" had concealed the plunder in a stable near the Horse Ferry, Westminster, and in a confiding moment they showed the place to an acquaintance, William Field, who promised to take the stolen goods off their hands. This he was kind enough to do by breaking open the stable in the night and carrying off its contents, and then giving information as to their whereabouts to Jonathan Wild. Sheppard was immediately apprehended and committed to Newgate, and at the next sessions he was convicted and sentenced to death. With the help, however, of Bess and some other women, he sawed away one of the spikes of the door, and managed to thrust himself through and escape, though some of the keepers were actually in the lodge at the time.

After a few days' retirement in the country, he returned to the familiar neighbourhood of Clare Market and Drury Lane, to which he appears to have been partial, perhaps on account of the ease with which he could there carry on his business unmolested. Nor was this surprising, for at a much later date the parish of St. Mary-le-Strand boasted only three watchmen and two constables on duty every other night; while the watchmen of St. Clement Danes were in the habit of spending most of their time drinking in a cellar near Arundel Street. In safety, therefore, he went about, and quite openly, for he was recognised by many people, who were, however, afraid to interfere with him. He was finally captured by the keepers of Newgate on Finchley Common, in which retired spot he had just taken up his abode.

Alarmed at the genius he had shown in escaping, the keepers placed him in a ward known as the Castle, where he was handcuffed and heavily ironed, and his chains fastened to a staple in the floor. On Oct. 15, at



"EDGEWORTH BESS" AND POLL MAGGOT AIDING THE ESCAPE OF JACK FROM NEWGATE, MRS. SPARLING KEEPING A LOOK-OUT.

two o'clock, the warder who came with his dinner examined the handcuffs and chains and found them secure. When he did his rounds next morning there was a pile of bricks and mortar in the room, but no Jack! He had worked off his handcuffs, and with a crooked nail which he had picked up on the floor had opened the padlock which fastened the chain to the staple. But the difficulties he had still to overcome might have filled with despair even a prisoner escaping for his life. His original plan was to get up the chimney, but the aperture was blocked by an iron bar, so he was forced to pick away the bricks and mortar till he made a hole into the room beyond. Even then he

to cut the cord that bound his hands. Then, as he passed Little Turnstile, he hoped to leap out and escape, by the help of the crowd, down that narrow passage, where the officers could not follow on horseback. But the knife was found in his pocket in the yard at Newgate, and so his last chance was destroyed. He was executed Nov. 16, 1724, in his twenty-third year, and was buried in the old churchyard of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, where the National Gallery now stands. His daring and skill made him a hero to a very large class of the population, while his untimely fate became a stock illustration for all moralists and preachers. A quainter example of this



MISS GLADYS VALERIE GRAVELL AND MISS MURIEL HELENA GRAVELL.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES BACON, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

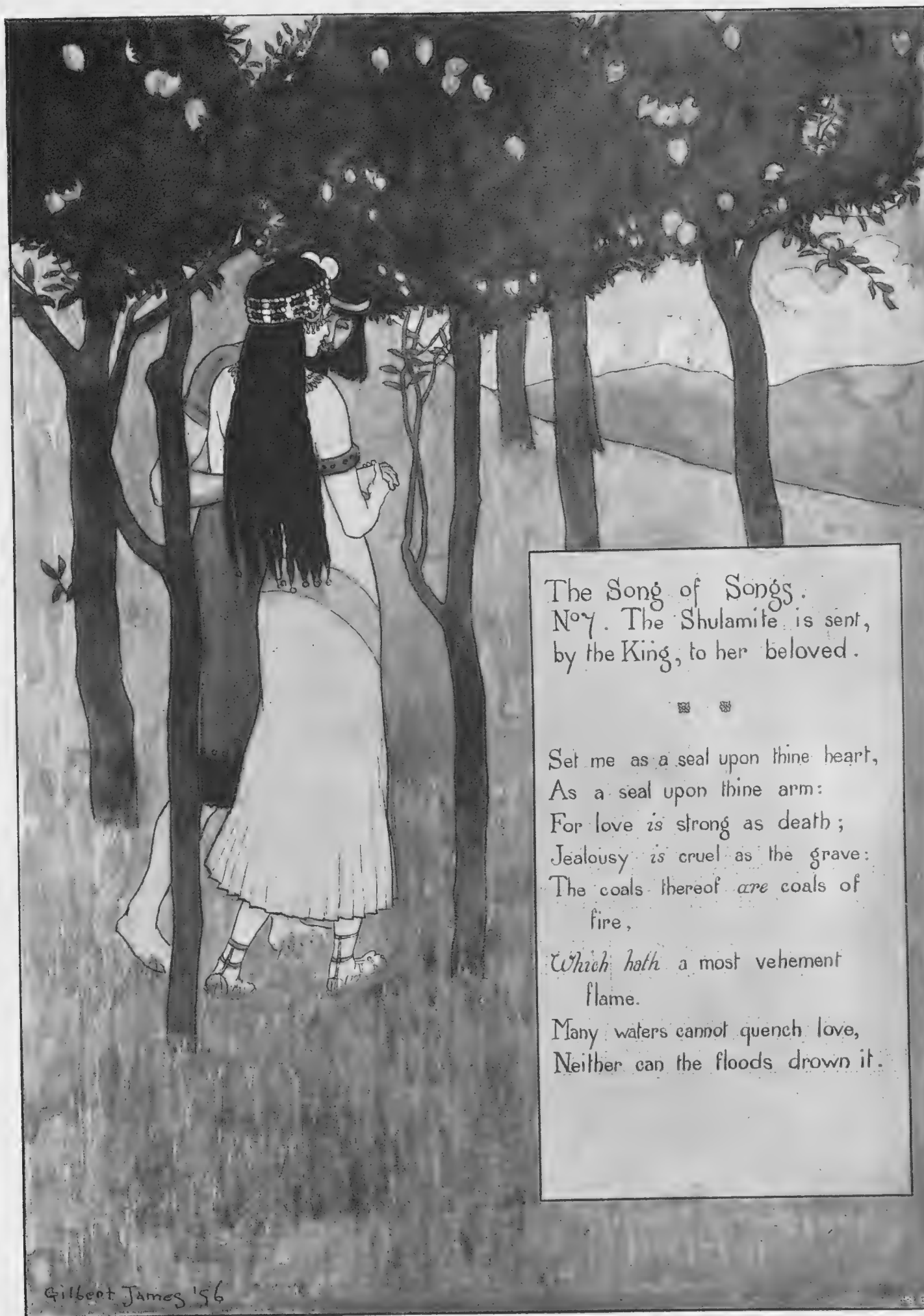
had five or six strong and bolted doors to break through before he could reach the leads, and his progress was so slow that a great part of his work had to be done in the dark. The leap from the leads to the next house was so dangerous that he was forced to go back to his cell and fetch his blanket, which he fastened to the wall by means of a spike he had broken off the chapel door. He was thus able to descend in safety, and, after waiting on the roof till midnight, he slipped unperceived down the stairs and into the street. This marvellous escape, unfortunately, made him foolhardy. He became quite reckless, and on the night of Oct. 31 he went about gaily from tavern to tavern in Drury Lane drinking, till he was finally taken, incapable of making the smallest resistance. His career was now near its close. His petition for a pardon, in which he alleged his astonishing ingenuity as a reason, was disregarded, and his last scheme for escape was accidentally discovered. A friend had given him a penknife, and this he kept in his pocket, and proposed, when riding in the fatal cart to Tyburn,

could hardly be found than in a sermon preached at the time by some Dissenting minister, who exclaimed to his congregation—

Oh that ye were all like Jack Sheppard! Mistake me not, my brethren; I do not mean in a carnal, but in a spiritual sense. . . . Let me exhort of you to open the *locks* of your hearts with the *nail* of repentance; mount the *chimney* of hope and take from thence the *bar* of good resolution; break through the *stone wall* of despair; raise yourself to the *leads* of divine meditation; fix the *blanket* of faith with the *spike* of the Church; let yourself down to the *house* of resignation, and descend the *stairs* of humility. So shall ye come to the *door* of deliverance from the *prison* of iniquity, and escape that old *executioner* the Devil, who goeth about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour.

SHE COULDN'T HELP IT.

ALICE (*the friend*): I don't see how anyone can help loving Blanche.
GERTRUDE (*the rival*): She can't help it herself.—*Life*.



The Song of Songs.
No. 7. The Shulamite is sent,
by the King, to her beloved.



Set me as a seal upon thine heart,
As a seal upon thine arm:
For love is strong as death;
Jealousy is cruel as the grave:
The coals thereof are coals of
fire,

Which hath a most vehement
flame.

Many waters cannot quench love,
Neither can the floods drown it.

THE YALE CREW.

Photographs by Marsh Brothers, Henley.

W. M. Beard.

P. H. Bailey.

A. Brown.

J. M. Longacre.



J. O. Rogers.

R. B. Treadway.

T. Clarke.

G. Langford.

J. H. Simpson.

The visit of the Yale crew to Henley this year is particularly interesting for more reasons than one. In the first place, there have been a few instances of diplomatic friction between England and America of late, and the importance of these matters is much more highly thought of in the States than here. Then, again, the famous yacht-races between *Defender* and *Valkyrie* had worked up the expectation of the American public to an absolutely absurd extent, and the result of the races and the controversy that followed left behind a keen spirit of rivalry between the two countries. In matters athletic also the Americans have shown most wonderful prowess of late. Their athletic team not only won every event from our champions in the memorable meeting at New York, but put up new and astonishing records. American boxers have not only beaten our best men, but they have shown them how to wage a new style of fighting, and made our champions look merely like second-raters.

The one sport—apart from cricket, which is not popular in America—in which the Mother Country has maintained her ancient prestige is, probably, eight-oared rowing; and now, after numerous reverses, the Yankees have sent over a crew which they hope will at length deprive England of her pride of place on the water.

Let us glance for a moment at the record of crews sent over in former years from the great colleges of America. The first came from Harvard, in 1869, and, after surprising the English representatives by a great burst of speed for a short distance, rowed themselves almost to a standstill, and suffered easy defeat. In 1878 Columbia sent a powerful four, and won the Visitors' Challenge Cup, the only victory yet scored by an American crew in England. Cornell sent crews in 1888 and 1895, and their fiasco upon the last occasion is still remembered upon both sides of the water. The Yale crew has come full of determination to wipe out the disgrace of their compatriots' defeat.

The crew they have sent over are certainly not lacking in physique, as may be guessed after a glance at the appended list, and a critical examination of the individual oarsmen in the flesh is likely to be still more reassuring to their friends. Their average age is just about twenty-two years, their average height is over 5 ft. 11 in., and their average

weight is over 12 st. 3 lb. Truly, indeed, they seem to be giants in that boat.

At the same time, with all their weight and muscle, the American champions are lithe and active as Red Indians. With all their strength, they are comparatively slight and thin, but sinewy, and results have shown us again and again that that is an athletic build that can hold its own for strength and speed and staying power with any other model. The shortest man in the boat, Mr. William M. Beard, is 5 ft. 8½ in. in height, and weighs 12 st. 12 lb., but his deficiency in height is mainly below the waist. The length of his arms enables him to keep a perfect rhythm in the swing of the oars, and his indomitable energy has earned for him among his comrades the appropriate sobriquet of "the steam-engine."

Mr. Beard is one of the veterans of the boat, as are also Mr. Treadway (captain) and Mr. Langford (the stroke). But the term veteran must be understood as relative to American practice. Four years' fairly constant rowing makes a veteran in the States—most of the men had never been in a boat in their lives before going up to Yale. The Americans, therefore, are not at all such experienced watermen as most of those against whom they will be pitted, but, in default of this, they have used their time to the best advantage since they made their début in a racing-boat.

The facilities for rowing at Yale are not nearly so good as either at Oxford or Cambridge. There is no river worth mentioning, and the rowing-water is really a long, narrow arm of the sea, blocked a good deal by shallows and mudbanks. Yankee ingenuity, however, has contrived a substitute for practice in the water, namely, by means of a boat-fitted up in an immense bath in the gymnasium. The men row on this machine assiduously when they are unable to get out in the open, and though its immovability takes away a good deal of the interest of the sport, it affords the coach a good opportunity for correcting the faults of his crew.

The coach of the Yale crew, Mr. Robert Cook, is himself an old Yale man; and besides his experience there, he has taken frequent opportunities of studying the style of rowing at the English Universities.

Consequently, the stroke of the Yale crew approximates more nearly than that of other American colleges to the typical Oxford stroke. Certain differences are noted by watchful critics who have seen the Yale crew at practice at Henley, and their opinion is not altogether in favour of the Americans, as they allege that the men make too much use of their arms, and that they are not so steady as a good English crew. The Englishmen certainly reach farther, and carry the feather farther, and also slide a little longer; *en revanche*, the Yankees row a little faster stroke. It remains to be seen which of these methods is the better, especially for the comparatively short dash—1 mile 550 yards—of the Henley course.

The Yale crew, it may be said, have been beaten only once in five years by their rivals at Harvard, and they regard the Cornell representatives as not being even of the same class as themselves. Therefore the Englishmen will have the satisfaction of knowing that they are rowing against as good a crew as America can send, and that that crew will not be beaten till they have put on their last ounce to the work which has set America agog.

The following is the list of the crew—

	Age.	Height.	Weight.
George Langford (stroke) ...	22 years	6 ft. 0½ in.	12 st. 7 lb.
Ralph B. Treadway (captain) ...	22	5 ft. 11½ in.	12 st. 5 lb.
John M. Longacre ...	22½	6 ft. 0 in.	13 st. 1 lb.
Philip H. Bailey ...	23	6 ft. 0 in.	12 st. 7 lb.
James O. Rogers ...	21½	5 ft. 11½ in.	12 st. 12 lb.
William M. Beard ...	20	5 ft. 8½ in.	12 st. 12 lb.
Alexander Brown ...	23	6 ft. 0½ in.	11 st. 13 lb.
John H. Simpson (bow) ...	22½	5 ft. 11 in.	10 st. 12 lb.
T. Clarke (coxswain) ...			8 st. 0 lb.

IN DEFENCE OF DECADENCE.

Why flout the Yellow Decadent,
The creature of environment?
He feels the phase that Heine felt;
He grasps the meaning Byron meant.

Why mourn if Aubrey, grown grotesque,
Limns nightmares non-delectable,
And pine for Quilter's "sanity"?
'Arry was *born* respectable.

Wherefore complain if Paul Verlaine
Was not as Modest Martin Tupper?
Tupper ne'er lacked a moral tag—
And Verlaine often lacked a supper.

Critics, why scourge the Problem-Play,
The Jones-Pincro-Grundy School?
E'en so had Holy Clement erred
Sans bourgeois soul and Sunday School.

Reviewers whom no Hill-Tops vex,
Forbear, in kindness, to eschew
One whose neurotic steps are dogged
By shadows of a "Great Taboo."

Why scout the Yellow Decadent,
The victim of his tutelage?
He shares the pangs De Musset shared;
Like Shelley, scorns a brutal age.—E. J. MACQUILLAND.



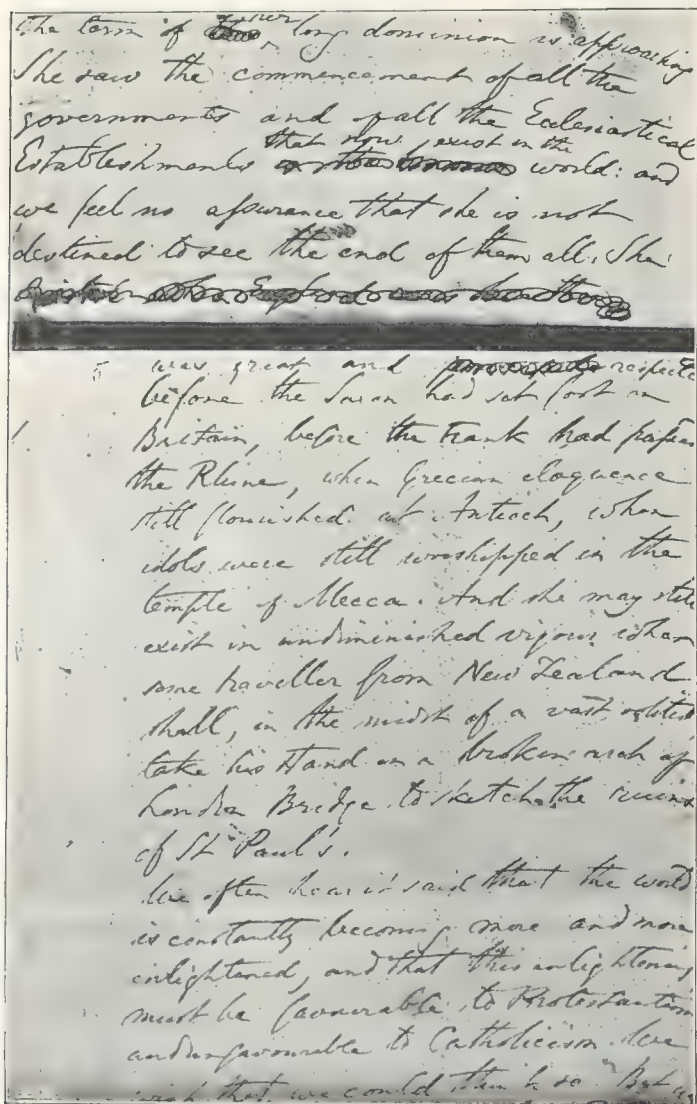
THE FIRST APPEARANCE OF THE YALE CREW ON ENGLISH WATERS, HENLEY-ON-THAMES, JUNE 16, 1896.

AT THE AUTOGRAPH DEALER'S.

A CHAT WITH MR. WHEELER OF PALL MALL.

There are few more interesting places of business in London than that of Messrs. J. Pearson and Co., dealers in autographs, manuscripts, and rare books, Pall Mall Place, and a chat with Mr. Wheeler, the acting manager, must certainly be accounted one of the bookman's chief pleasures: Mr. Wheeler's rooms are so rich in literary curiosities, and he himself is so entertaining an exhibitor. For my special benefit (writes a *Sketch* representative) Mr. Wheeler unlocked his treasure-house, and set forth autographs and manuscripts of rarest interest.

"I consider," he began, "that a mere signature is not really worth the name of autograph, and I always prefer to procure, where possible, holograph letters. Here," he said, "is a closely written page quarto letter from Alfieri to the Countess of Albany, who accounted him *son ami intime*. As an additional interest, it is sealed with a portrait



ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT OF LORD MACAULAY'S ESSAY ON VON RANKE'S "HISTORY OF THE POPES," WITH THE "NEW ZEALAND" PASSAGE.

of Dante. This, again, is a very rare autograph, a Privy Council letter, dated 1636, signed by the famous Marquis of Argyll as Lord Lorne. It is signed also by Lord Traquair, and others."

While I examined reverently the precious relic of the murdered Marquis, Mr. Wheeler brought me other relics of eminent statesmen. One of the most curious was an autograph letter of Sir Christopher Hatton to Queen Elizabeth, where the "handsome Chancellor" seems to pun playfully on his pet name for his royal mistress, "Lydde," if, indeed, one is justified in putting that construction on his phrase, "the salt tears that fall from your most faithful Lidds."

"Here, too," Mr. Wheeler continued, "is a superb autograph letter (two pages folio) of Elizabeth's great Minister, Burleigh. These holographs are of the highest rarity."

"Have you any autographs of Queen Elizabeth?"

"Not at present, only facsimiles; but the likeness between her hand and Burleigh's is sufficient to give credence to the suspicion that the Minister used to sign the Queen's name. Of royal autographs, perhaps the most curious I have at present are those of Ferdinand and Isabella, extremely fine examples, on this page quarto document."

Then, in rapid succession, Mr. Wheeler showed me many autographs of intense interest. These must be mentioned just as they were passed into my hand, at random, and without chronological arrangement. Among these was a beautiful letter of Thomas Gray, whose correspondence is extremely rare. The handwriting Mr. Wheeler specially commended, and spoke with almost as deep admiration of Robert Southey's masterly penmanship.

The Southey letter, which I was privileged to see, contains a passage of peculiar interest—a mention of Sir Walter Scott's popularity as contrasted with Southey's more modest attainment in circulation and earnings. "But," he reflects complacently, "my acorn will continue to grow when his Turkey bean shall have withered." The letter is one of a series of sixty-four to William Taylor, of Norwich. These letters have been exquisitely bound by Rivière, and are valued at sixty-three pounds. Then Mr. Wheeler handed me a letter of Dr. Guillotin, and one of an earlier Frenchman, who might have found the doctor's invention handy—Cardinal Richelieu. From these reducers of stature, I turned to the writing of one who loved to see the necks of his fellow-men stretched—to wit, James Boswell. This letter is accompanied by two pages of notes in the autograph of Dr. Birkbeck Hill, and, as these two names most naturally suggested Dr. Johnson, Mr. Wheeler appropriately produced a letter to Lucy Porter, which has not as yet been fully published.

"I believe I ought to ask if you have any relic of Charlotte Brontë, who is much talked of just now?"

Mr. Wheeler handed me a page octavo manuscript. "This," he said, "is a letter from Charlotte Brontë to Mary Howitt, dated Feb. 15, 1849. Its chief interest lies in the fact that it is signed 'Currer Bell.' Letters with that signature are rare."

After these we took up an unpublished letter from Lord Nelson to Lady Hamilton, which contains the quaint passage evidently inspired by Nelson's chagrin that his services at Copenhagen met with but faint recognition. The letter is dated the August following that engagement. Nelson complains of illness, which medicine cannot cure, and writes—

The cold has settled in my bowels. I wish the Admiralty had my complaint, but they have no bowels, at least for me.

The address on the back of the letter runs simply—

Lady Hamilton,
23, Piccadilly.

"You ask what are the best things I have had through my hands?" said Mr. Wheeler. "Well, perhaps I may mention, among others, the only known signature of Michael Johnson, the Doctor's father. At the same time I had Lucy Porter's letter asking that rent should not be pressed. But by far the finest thing I ever had was the collection of Boswell's letters to Temple. I consider it a disgrace that these letters should have been allowed to leave the country. They went, like all the good autographs and manuscripts, to America."

"Is there no demand at home?" I asked.

"There are practically no buyers and no collectors here," Mr. Wheeler answered warmly. "I don't see why our precious national autographs and manuscripts shouldn't be bought and kept in England by wealthy men, as great paintings are. Perhaps there's a good time coming. That Boswell Collection was lost to us through the hesitancy of a peer. Neither the French nor the Germans buy English manuscripts. They buy their own."

"And your firm, Mr. Wheeler?"

"We buy everything; but, as I say, we send all the good things chiefly to New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago. Boston is *dilettante*; it talks, but does not buy. In Germany musical manuscripts are largely bought. Madame Wagner, who has all her husband's scores, buys anything relating to him."

Mr. Wheeler laid before me the original manuscript of Zola's "Nana," of which every leaf has been divided into three parts, each part bearing a number in blue pencil. These were the composers' "takes," which have now been pasted up in order, to restore the original form of every page.

Mr. Wheeler next took up a bulky volume, about the size of one part of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." "This," he said, "is the manuscript of Wilkie Collins's 'No Name.' It affords a curious index to the novelist's self-conscious character. It is complete, even to a title-page, which few manuscripts possess. The value of this is fifty-five pounds. 'The Woman in White' I purchased on commission at Sotheby's for £320, and at the same sale I bought the manuscript of 'The Moonstone' for £125.

"Here is another curiosity, the manuscript of 'Verdant Green,' with Bradley's illustrations to his work. It was written in a commonplace-book, and is dated 'Durham, November, 1846.' Unfortunately, it is not complete. By the way, talking of commonplace-books, here is a treasure, the commonplace-book of Boswell, with a note in his son's hand, 'This book belonged to my father at a very early period.' Notice the laborious 'medium-text' writing, which Boswell invariably affected."

"You embarrass one with riches, Mr. Wheeler," I was tempted to exclaim, as the collector produced an endless store of notable writings of every period, and handed me Tom Moore's "Epicurean," Richard Jefferies' "Story of My Heart," and many others.

"Perhaps," he suggested, "you'd like this reproduced for *The Sketch*, the original passage in Macaulay's essay on Ranke's 'Popes,' where the 'New Zealander' appears. Here is the complete manuscript of the essay. This," he went on, opening a case, and taking out four small brown volumes, "is Molière's private copy of Thucydides: here is his signature, 'Poquelin.' The book was unearthed by the late George Augustus Sala."

It was hard to quit that Pall Mall establishment, for Mr. Wheeler must needs show me a superb first edition of Homer, which he thinks may possibly be a large-paper copy. "You see, on the cover, those initials, 'D. B.,'" he remarked; "the book was Madame Du Barry's!" But, fascinating as the Florentine Homer of Demetrius Chalcondylas is, and romantic as its associations with the great Du Barry may be, these things are not strictly in the province of autographs, so I thanked Mr. Wheeler for a delightful afternoon, and said good-bye.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



HUSBAND (*who has suddenly appeared on the scene*): Isn't it possible for you to teach my wife to ride without putting your arm round her? Couldn't you hold her up by the saddle?

INSTRUCTOR: There might be a difficulty in finding it.



"Why, Pat, there used to be two mills there."

"Yis, Sorr, but they found there was only wind enough for one."





TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE: I am sorry to hear you have been drinking of late; remember that there is a limit to the pleasures of a public-house.

GARDENER: Very well, sir, I'll go to a brewery.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

A QUESTION OF DENOMINATIONALISM.

BY G. STANLEY ELLIS.

When Parson's daughter, Alice Treweekes, came down to breakfast there was a letter waiting for her on the table. From this you may judge that the Treweekes family, or Alice, at any rate, were rather late risers, for the postman doesn't get to the rectory before ten o'clock. In fact, the letters rarely reach Windingford from Bodmin before nine o'clock, so that, by the time all the postmaster's friends have called in to get their own letters and have read all other people's post-cards, the postman must hurry if he is to get the rectory letters delivered by ten o'clock. And it takes the people at the post-office some time to get through the rectory correspondence, partly because of the illegibility of clerical writing, and partly because of the great decrease in the value of glebe, which causes so much correspondence between parsons to be carried on by post-cards; and post-cards, of course, take longer to sort than letters do.

"From whom is your letter, Alice?" said Parson's wife.

Alice blushed a little, and said, "A friend in Bodmin."

"What friend?"—a little sharply.

Parson noticed the tone and looked up from the *Rock*. Then he noticed the blush.

"My dear," he said, "let the girl have her little secrets. You open all my letters as well as your own. Isn't that enough?"

"Just as well that I do open your letters now and then, or you would leave them unopened for a week."

"I don't get the chance of opening them or of leaving them unopened, my dear," said Parson. This was a very bold speech for him to make; so, although the words were brave, the tone was mild enough to soften somewhat the effect of the words.

"If, three days after you received it, I had not opened the letter offering you this living, you would never have known anything about it until some other man had been appointed."

This little wrangle took the attention of both father and mother off the letter which had raised the storm. This letter was from Pat Dooley, the exciseman at Bodmin, of whom Alice had seen a good deal lately. An Irishman, with the good-temper and blarney of his country, he added to his advantages of birth the experience of some years in London, and a smart young man from town is rather run after in out-of-the-way parts of the country like ours. Pat Dooley could sing and dance, and, above all, he had a way with him which made him very popular. He overcame the unpopularity of the exciseman, which is traditional in a county where everyone's grandfather regularly had a hand in smuggling, everyone's father now and then, and a good many even of ourselves at odd times.

MY DEAR MISS TREWEEKES, or may I say, My dear Alice? (said Pat's letter).—You must have been sure, since that pleasant evening we had at the dance at Bodmin, when your mother was not there, and when we danced those six dances together, that I had a particular question to ask you. When may I come over and see you, and ensure seeing your father and mother afterwards in a good temper? This question, you will understand, is not the question I wished to ask you. I should like to come over soon.—Yours till death,

PATRICK HENNESSEY DOOLEY.

Alice, of course, knew just what the question was. But she would not confess it, even to her own heart. She said to herself—

"How funny! Whatever can he want to ask us all? I expect he is trying to get up another dance somewhere. Men who have lived in London want more amusements than they can get in the country, so I expect it is another dance. Anyhow, like every woman, I am very inquisitive, and I should like to know what the question is, and soon."

So she wrote—

DEAR MR. DOOLEY,—We shall be so delighted to see you as soon as ever you can find time to come. Is it about another dear, delightful dance? How would to-morrow evening suit you?—Always sincerely yours, ALICE TREWEEKES.

The Alice was written large, as if the writer had meant to forget the surname, and then Treweekes was crowded in, so that it looked like an afterthought.

Pat Dooley turned up the next night. So did I. As Parson's churchwarden, I had to see him on parish business, and made it convenient to call a little before supper-time. But Parson and his wife evidently did not much like Pat, though he was the life of the whole party, and, after supper, we went into the drawing-room, where Mrs. Treweekes showed her wish to get rid of us in those artful ways that a woman uses when she does not want to tell you to go. But Pat did not want to see her wish, and I waited for him because part of his way was mine, and he might as well have given me a lift. Then Mrs. Treweekes said—

"Alice, dear, play us that pretty little thing you were playing this afternoon."

Alice got up and played, "Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing."

After that I went; but Pat did not stir. I understand the party were dull except Pat, who was very talkative, until he threw a shell into the midst of them by saying—

"Mrs. and Mr. Treweekes"—somehow people always put Parson's wife before Parson—"Alice has promised to be my wife, so I wish to ask your consent."

"I am much surprised, Mr. Dooley," said Parson's wife; "surprised

and pained, that you should have ventured to address Alice on such a subject without first finding out what would be the views of her father and myself."

"Quite so," said Parson.

"It was only a couple of hours ago that I told Alice about it, so, if you didn't hear before, you have heard very soon after," said Pat, with a laugh.

"Your jocularity on such a subject only makes things worse," said Mrs. Treweekes. "We must beg you not to allude again to the affair, or we shall be compelled to forego the pleasure of your acquaintance."

"I'm sure," said Parson.

"What objection have you?"

"We have given you sufficient objection already," said Parson's wife, "in the fact that you have had so little delicacy of feeling as to approach our daughter without coming first to us, as you should have done."

"I don't think that an objection which can't be got over."

"We don't consider your position good enough."

"I can quite satisfy you as to my position and prospects, and also with regard to my private means."

"Well, Mr. Dooley, the fact is that you are a Roman Catholic. That puts marriage out of the question."

"Quite out of the question," said Parson.

Then Alice broke in, and she had some of her mother's spirit.

"This is a matter for me to settle. I have promised Patrick to marry him, and I am going to do so."

"Alice," said her mother, "you had better go to bed. Good-night, Mr. Dooley. You will oblige us by not calling again."

"You mustn't think of calling again," said Parson.

"Good-night, Patrick," said Alice. "You have my promise."

"Good-night, Alice," said Pat, and kissed her before the eyes of the horrified mother and father. Then he went home. Little bickerings went on for some time, while Pat and Alice did their love-making in secret. But Pat came down to the vestry one evening while Parson and I were there, and said—

"Good-evening, Mr. Treweekes. You and I didn't part very kindly the other evening; but I hope my errand will make us better friends."

"I hope so, Mr. Dooley. I'm sure I hope so."

"I've come to put up the banns."

"Whose banns?"

"My banns, to be sure."

"I congratulate you most heartily."

"Thank you. I am glad you look at it in that way."

"The more so, my dear sir, that it will relieve matters at my own home, which, I can assure you, have been very unpleasant lately."

"I'm very glad to hear it will do so."

"Oh, you Irishmen! You have consoled yourself very quickly. What is the lady's name?"

"Alice Treweekes."

"My dear life!"

"Your daughter, sir. Thank you most heartily for your congratulations, and I am glad to be able to relieve matters at your home."

"But, my dear Mr. Dooley, my wife and I refuse our consent."

"I am sorry that we must do without your consent."

"But I won't marry you."

"There is no necessity for you to do so. We shall get married at the Catholic Chapel at Bodmin."

"I won't publish the banns."

"You are bound to publish them, unless there is any just cause or impediment."

"Cause or impediment! My wife objects."

"I don't think that legally constitutes a just cause or impediment."

"But you're a Roman Catholic. Think what the *Rock* will say. I shall be accused of contemplating going over to Rome."

"That constitutes no legal impediment to the publication of my banns. And, from my point of view, your coming to Rome would be a consummation devoutly to be wished."

"Polsue," said the harried Parson, turning to me, "am I bound to publish these banns?"

"I think you are," said I.

"I'll think about it," said Parson. "I'll ask Mrs. Treweekes."

"Think, by all means, till Sunday," said Pat. "But publish the banns then. I'm sure you don't want me to be angry, as we are going to be related. Good-night."

Parson went home, asked Mrs. Treweekes, and carried out her advice on the following Sunday. There was a good congregation. I was there, as becomes a good churchwarden. Many more people than usual were there, including some of the regular chapelgoers, because it had got about that Alice Treweekes' banns were to be published, and it was known that Parson objected to the marriage. So the crowd went to see what would happen. When Parson got up to give out the banns there was a dead silence. He turned to the congregation and said—

"It is with much regret that I have to publish the banns of marriage between Patrick Hennessey Dooley, bachelor, of Bodmin, and Alice Treweekes, spinster, of this parish."

Of course, there was much talk in the churchyard over this. Only

twice in the week can we have a general talk with our neighbours—on Friday, which is market-day, and after church on Sunday.

The two following Sundays Parson published the banns in the same way before a large congregation. No one knows the rows that took place at the Rectory during the fortnight which was covered by those three Sundays—no one, that is, except the three people engaged in them. But we who knew Parson's wife, and who had found out that, in many ways, Alice took after her mother, were able to make some guess. And we guessed that Parson had a rather bad time of it, as a third party is apt to have, getting all the din and dust of battle, without the excitement and painful pleasure of being in the fight.

On the Monday after the third publication of the banns Alice caught, saddled, and bridled her pony and rode off to Bodmin. On the road she passed Dicky Wade, the gardener and preacher, who said—

"Alice Treweekes, you 'm a bad maiden to dishonour 'ee father's grey hairs, and bring 'n 'th sorrow to t' grave. Broad is the way 't leadeth t' Scarlet Woman, which is t' road you 'm going."

"Don't you bother, Uncle Dicky," said Alice, and passed on her way, leaving Dicky mumbling alone and turning texts over between his teeth.

Parson, finding Alice and her pony gone, guessed the quarter to which they had flown, laid the case before his wife, went to the stable, saddled his old grey mare—fateful words, for he used to follow the Windingford, Minster, and Forrabury hounds on that mare until the other grey mare forbade him—and set out on the Bodmin Road. He, in turn, came to Dicky Wade.

"Have you seen my daughter on her pony, Dicky?" said Parson cheerily, though with a heavy heart. He never thought how much his own action had called the attention of all the country-side to the engagement, nor did he know how much the affair had been gossiped over already, Parson being one of those men who see everything except the obvious, and he wished to keep away any scandal.

"Have I seen 'n?" said Dicky scornfully. "Iss, I have seen 'n. And 't serves 'ee right. I have seen 'n riding, on such a day as these day morning be, through all the mucksey droud of Bodmin Road, because her thirsts after t' Scarlet Woman. 'T'es a judgment on 'ee for being an Erastian."

Parson knew now that he was on the right road, so he went forward, not troubling his head much about Dicky, whose religious views were well known. He made his way to the Roman Catholic Chapel, alighted, gave his horse to a boy to hold, and walked up to the door. Just as he got there, out came Pat Dooley with Alice on his arm.

"Alice," said Parson, "your mother and I guessed where you had gone. She herself would have followed you, had we not known that no time was to be lost, and I could ride after you quicker than she and I could drive. She wishes—that is, we both wish—you to think before you take this step. We wish you to think, at any rate, longer over the matter before you take this irrevocable step. Consider what it is to go against the wishes of parents who have loved you as we have done. Unless you pause, not only our pain, but also our just wrath, unhappy girl, will follow you through your new life. Think, and do not raise the dreadful anger of your mother"—and, after a pause, remembering himself—"and myself."

"Dear father," said Alice, "you know how sorry I am to grieve you; but I love Pat, and—and—well, it's done now, and we don't want it undone."

"You have been married this morning?" asked Parson.

"Yes," replied both.

Parson heaved a sigh of relief.

"Well, of course, in that case I can do nothing. Your mother herself could do nothing. Really, I think there is nothing to be done except to accept the inevitable. Shall we let bygones be bygones, and be friends again? We'll all go home and have as good a wedding-breakfast as we can raise at a short notice. But I really don't know what your mother will say."

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Professor Knight has written, and Messrs. Maclehose of Glasgow have published, the biography of the late Professor Nichol. The book is rather a collection of materials for a biography than a biography proper; but it contains much interesting matter. Nichol's father was the Professor of Astronomy in Glasgow, a man remarkable rather for his eloquence than for his science. The Western City, which had not quite forgotten Chalmers' Astronomical Discourses, welcomed enthusiastically a kind of continuation, and Nichol himself had always a certain tendency to turgidity which was no doubt inherited. He had, however, other and better qualities. At Oxford he distinguished himself, and was a close associate of Swinburne's in literary matters. He was fortunate enough to be appointed at an early age Professor of English Literature in Glasgow University, and his lectures were for many years highly popular with the students. He did some literary work—brief biographies of Bacon, Burns, and Carlyle. These were not in any way distinguished, but they were up to the average of such books. He also wrote some essays on American literature, and two ambitious but not successful volumes of poetry. He resigned his chair in Glasgow, finding it increasingly difficult to maintain order in his classes, and spent the remaining years of his life in London. There he impressed people who met him as a somewhat embittered and disappointed man; but the truth is, he seems to have done the work he was capable of doing, and to have received a full portion of the recognition he merited.

Professor Max Müller calls our attention to a translation of a German story made by a friend of his by writing a preface to it. The book, published under the name of "Two Queens" (Sonnenschein), is called a historical novel; but it would be more aptly called romantic history, for the arts of fiction, as commonly understood, are not practised by the German writer, Herr Hesekei. Professor Max Müller does not vouch for the truth of it all, but it is evident the author never wanders far from the documents on which the story is founded. These seem to be mainly papers belonging to Count Simolin, an enthusiastic friend of Marie Antoinette in the days of her troubles, as he had been likewise of another unfortunate queen, Caroline Matilda of Denmark. Interwoven with the fortunes of these two illustrious sufferers is the story of a lady of mysterious but evidently distinguished parentage. She turns out to be a daughter of the Prince of Orange by a secret marriage with a lady who afterwards became the wife of Lord Robert Cecil. Of the charm of fiction there is little in the story, but its additional glimpses at illustrious personages already familiar through Count Axel de Fersen's Memoirs are compensation enough.

Mr. C. L. Graves in his Horatian parodies appeals to such as love the humour of their political skits to be light and fine-edged. But lest he offend the hyper-fastidious, in his second series, "More Hawarden Horace" (Smith, Elder), he has got Mr. T. E. Page, a well-known classical scholar, to justify his using Horace for such ends at all. Had the Roman poet lived to-day, thinks Mr. Page, "the poverty which 'drove him to make verses' would have driven him into journalism, and he would have written an incomparable 'London Letter,' or possibly have been editor of *Punch*." This is by way of preface to parodies almost as good as the first set. But he has very nearly exhausted the opportunities of his theme. He is too quick-witted not to perceive this, however, and too ingenious to be long without another object on which to exercise his talent.

Mr. Eyre-Todd has reached the eighteenth century in his Abbotsford Series of Scottish Poets (Hodge, Glasgow), and the first volume dealing with the period is ready. Lest Southerners should turn aside from my mention of this as one more attempt to make them dig in a Kailyard, it may be well to remind them that to a Scottish poet of those times they owe their "Rule, Britannia." The author of that bit of sonorous bunkum was no great credit to his native land, however; neither did he love it very much. Under the guise of Mallet he hid the Scottish name of Malloch, as an ancestor of his had previously cast off—but then he had no choice—the family patronymic of McGregor. But there are more agreeable personalities than the objectionable Mallet, though none of them had the luck to send their songs so far and wide as he did his best-known one; and the romantic soul takes a happier view of the century, so chilly till near its close, when he thinks of the nest of singing-birds over the Border, and minds him, or lets Mr. Eyre-Todd's book remind him, of Grizel Baillie, Hamilton of Bangour, and the rest.

The latest Burns book is by the young Scottish writer Gabriel Setoun. It is a biography contributed to the "Famous Scots" series (Oliphant), a sensible, charitable, and pleasant summary of the poet's life and work. After so many specialists have reaped and gleaned in the field of Burns there is little left for a book of this kind to do; but Mr. Setoun in the midst of his enthusiasm still preserves his critical candour, and takes up, indeed, a bold and daring attitude when he states that Burns "is never quite himself" in "The Cotter's Saturday Night."

The text of the new number of the *Portfolio* (Seeley) is by Dr. Garnett, and though the delightful illustrations are the feature of these bi-monthly monographs which attracts buyers, this historical account of the most beautiful of London suburbs is of value on its own merits. Like everything from Dr. Garnett's pen, it is painstaking, conscientious, and, within the limits of necessary brevity, complete. Every royal and historical and literary and artistic association of any interest at all has its due place in his story, as most of them find illustration in the pictures new and old of this wonderful three-and-sixpennyworth.

When Mr. Cornish brought out his "Life at the Zoo," a year or two ago, there were many ready to welcome a writer who was at once a serious and learned student of animal life and a most amusing relater of his experiences and observations. "Wild England of To-Day," the book that followed, sportsmen and naturalists, at least, found still more delightful. His "Animals at Work and Play," just issued by Messrs. Seeley, is a collection of very brief papers, containing the results of much patient watching and waiting in the haunts of animals, but particularly addressed to the non-specialist. It should certainly be noted as one of the amazing books of the day. One of the most delightful of the little essays is that on "The Animal Sense of Humour." Mr. Cornish does not minister to the vanity of man by making the dividing-line between him and the animals very wide. "So many of the higher forms of human pleasure," he says, "are shared by the other vertebrates, that it seems difficult to deny positively the faculty for any of the simple mental and æsthetic pleasures to animal understanding." So he will have it that some of them possess humour, albeit of the rudimentary, somewhat unpleasant, and practical joke order. His examples are entertaining. But the development of the faculty is, he says, as in man, the result of civilisation. Wholly wild creatures never have it. There are equally suggestive papers on "The Animal View of Captivity," "Sweating Bees," "Animal Etiquette," and "What Animals See."

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

CRICKET.

Whenever the Gentlemen and Players matches come round they bring with them a reminder of the general poverty of amateur attack. I am aware that the gentlemen have more than once come off successfully against the professionals, but I do not accept that fact as a refutation of my argument. For, you see, a weaker side has won matches times without number, and will continue to, with the aid of luck, either meteorologically or because one or two of their number come off to a greater extent than could be reasonably expected.

The fact remains that amateur cricketers will not cultivate bowling as they cultivate batting. Compare the number of professional bowlers with the amateur, and you will at once see the disparity. On the other hand, most of the professional bowlers can bat fairly well, and so it is that our England teams are so largely contributed to by the paid element.

There is no particular desire to make our England teams as much as possible amateur, because it is not as though we had to play against purely amateur sides. As a matter of fact, if professionalism were coloured by amount, then the Australians are even more professional than our professionals. But, at the same time, considering how very much superior University batsmen are to professional batsmen, as a rule, it would be, to say the least, conducive to good results if they would indulge to a greater extent in bowling practice.

How much stronger are amateur batsmen than professional never comes to light in the matches between the Gentlemen and the Players. The former play against first-class bowling; the latter have only to face what may be called the wishy-washy stuff, and few are surprised to see the players triumph.

Perhaps the most dangerous amateur bowler we have is Mr. Kortright, of Essex, and he depends almost solely on his terrific pace. Mr. Kortright is not a University man. Somerset have Mr. Woods, who now cannot last, and Captain W. C. Hedley, who is of no account; Leicestershire have a dismal change in Mr. Hillyard; Warwickshire and Derbyshire have no amateur bowler; Gloucestershire possess Mr. Jessop and Mr. Townsend, whose reign of terror was of very brief duration, and Dr. Grace, who sometimes takes a wicket or two with his slow round-handers; and Notts, with Mr. Jones, Mr. Dixon, and Mr. Bennett, are no better off. Hampshire have no amateur bowler, especially with Mr. Hill out of the team. Oxford just now have a smart young fellow in Mr. F. H. E. Cunliffe, but, for the rest, the 'Varsities possess no bowler to be compared with any of the leading professionals.

The recent victory of Winchester over Eton in the cricket-field

reminds me of an old Winchester boy who is making his presence felt in first-class cricket. I refer to J. R. Mason, of Kent. What the hop county would be or do without the services of the old Winchester captain, heaven and Mr. Marchant only know! To say that he is the best all-round man in the team is only to state the tritest of truisms. He is a most consistent performer with the bat, a successful change bowler, and one of the most brilliant fieldsmen in the slips in England. At Beckenham, against Notts, the other day, he captured the first four Notts batsmen in the slips from catches which most men would have been excused had they missed. As for his batting, I can recall three great performances—one a century innings against

Lancashire at Tonbridge in 1894, another a score of 120 against Notts at Maidstone last season, and the third his innings of 127 not out against Notts last week. His tall and athletic figure gives him a splendid command over bat and ball, while his immense reach is utilised to great advantage in the slips. He has played for the Gentlemen of England, and he is young enough to improve, so that he may play for England itself.

To-morrow (Thursday) we shall have the Australians opposed to the Players of England. A very fine match this used to be, but I am afraid that upon this occasion less interest will attach to it. In the first place, it is to be played at Leyton, which is in itself a most unusual circumstance; and in the second, there is a host of important county fixtures on the same days. It will be pleasant to see Maurice Read among the Players.

At the Oval, Surrey will be out in opposition to Sussex for the first time this season. The champions are still under a dark cloud just now, despite their fine defeat of Hampshire; but I am

afraid people expect too much from them. Cricketers are but human, and as such they cannot be consistently successful. Sussex have three or four men who almost always make runs, and they should give the champions a good game. On the same day Yorkshire ought to beat Notts, Hampshire may conquer Somerset, and maybe Gloucestershire will overcome Warwickshire. "W. G." is in his usual brilliant form again.

On Monday next we get the second of the Gentlemen and Players matches, but on the same day Derbyshire meet (to defeat) Warwickshire; Essex play Yorkshire at Leyton, where the Tykes will by no means have things all their own way; and Sussex meet Hampshire. At Leicester the Australians may be depended upon to gain a big victory. So far, their tour has been a fair success, despite the defeat they experienced at the hands of England at Lord's.

While Africa is the centre of the war, it is pleasant to note the



MR. J. R. MASON.

Photo by Thiele and Co., Chancery Lane.

progress of cricket there. On the Gold Coast the bat has taken the place of battle, for on the Queen's birthday an English team met a native eleven at Cape Coast Castle.

AQUATICS.

Interest in rowing circles is being divided just now between the Henley Regatta and the forthcoming race for the Championship of the World, in which the competitors are Harding, of England, and Stansbury, of



AN ENGLISH CRICKET TEAM ON THE GOLD COAST.

Photo by Skues, Cape Coast.

Australia. Harding has had a wonderful career, and if he succeed against Stansbury he will have established himself the most youthful champion we have ever had. That he will succeed on the 13th, when the match takes place, I finally believe. It is high time the Old Country came to the front in matters aquatic.

GOLF.

It is amazing that a man like Willie Park, who is not in constant practice, should be able to defeat Taylor, the ex-open champion, who is playing matches practically every day of the week. Park himself is, of course, an ex-open champion, like his father before him, and he has always been a great match-player. When Douglas Rolland was at the height of his fame, and had been beaten once only in the whole of his career, I remember how Park, who was short of practice, pushed the greatest of match-players very hard, and lost only by a couple of holes over the Sandwich course. Rolland always was a phenomenal driver, and he easily beat Park for length; but the Musselburgh man was always perfect at the short game, and it was really in his approach strokes and putting that he was able to claim any advantage over Taylor in the recent match. Take the latter, year in and year out, I believe there is only one man to equal him in all-round play, and that is Sandy Herd of Huddersfield. Taylor himself has the highest possible opinion of the old St. Andrews laddie.

I have just seen a new patent in drivers, which appears to contain several excellencies without any corresponding defects. Hitherto all patents in drivers have been attempts to improve on the head, or that part of the handle connected with the head. This latest improvement is in the grip of the handle, where a strip of india-rubber is inserted in the shaft, extending from the top to some twelve or fourteen inches downward. The effect is to give a greatly increased flexibility to the handle at the precise point where it is most required. More than this, the increased "swing" lessens the vibration on the wrists, and, while one can drive a longer ball, there is also less strain on the arms. The invention is the outcome of an experienced amateur golfer, who holds the record of the Accrington Golf Course. The new driver can be obtained from Reilly, of Accrington, at an increased cost over the ordinary driver of eighteenpence.

OLYMPIAN.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

Racing has received a big fillip of late, as many big financiers have taken up with the "sport of kings." I am not going to throw cold water on what the descriptive reporters are pleased to term the "breeding boom"; but I think it is possible to give too much even for a fashionable sire or mare; and as Charley Wood, a real good judge of "losses," remarked to me recently, "There was not much breed about St. Gatten"; still, he could win anywhen and anywhere. Those gentlemen who have sunk thousands in horseflesh of late must not be disappointed if their "big geese" turn out to be very small ducks indeed. There is, I take it, more lottery in breeding than in racing.

A great deal of grumbling has been heard of late about handicapping and handicappers, and it is about time the stewards of the Jockey Club

moved in the matter. I have argued for years that no handicapper should judge his own handicaps, and I now suggest that no handicapper be allowed to act at all either as judge or clerk of the course. Weight-adjusting is a difficult game, and in this branch of racing good work should be well paid for. It ought to be possible for any man who is able to frame a really good handicap to get a living without having to act one day as judge, another day as clerk of the course, and another as clerk of the scales.

The Prince of Wales will attend Goodwood on each of the four days of the meeting, but it has not yet been decided whether his Royal Highness will stay at Goodwood House or not. If the Prince is the guest of the Duke of Richmond, we shall have a "Top-Hat" Goodwood, but should his Royal Highness come from Cowes each day the meeting will be an undress affair. The racing at Goodwood this year will be far above the average. The course is beautiful going just now, and it is likely to remain so to the end of the fixture.

These are moving times, and no mistake. Already quotations are out for the Autumn Handicaps, and such quotations too! Fancy twenty-five to one being the best offer for Minstrel Boy for the Cesarewitch some weeks before the entries are due! This horse ran very badly in the Lincoln Handicap, and what can the Continental list men know of his present form? But, mark, the gentlemen who run the foreign agencies make few mistakes. I am told that, of the thousands of tries, a double event on the two autumn handicaps is seldom brought off. It is quite a sensational event when the double is landed with any of the foreign list men.

It is pretty well known that gentlemen of the Sporting Press have annual passes given them for all the race-meetings, but I am told that one or two old reporters, representing a well-known daily sporting paper, were refused a pass for Ascot. I have never had the least trouble myself anywhere, but to prevent such annoyance to others I would suggest that reporters' medals be issued by Messrs. Weatherby at the beginning of each year that would admit to all racecourses under Jockey Club and National Hunt rules. This form, if adopted, would save a lot of trouble, and further, it would show members of the Press like those referred to in the Ascot incident that they were proof against all clerks of courses.

The Eclipse Stakes Meeting at Sandown Park next week should be a big function, as there is no denying the fact that society does at all times favour the popular enclosure at Sandown. Mr. Hwfa Williams is a model club-manager, and Sir Wilford Brett busies himself about the refreshment department to the complete satisfaction of those who believe in good eating and drinking. The wine-cellars at Sandown are well stocked with the choicest brands, collected by a champion taster. The cellars are kept at one temperature throughout the year. The Eclipse Stakes is put down as being a match between Regret and St. Frusquin.

Mr. Somerville Tattersall, who may be fitly described as a chip of the old block, has a telling manner in the rostrum. Thanks to an Oxford education, his remarks are polished and to the point. He is a living encyclopædia so far as the pedigrees of horses are concerned, and one can fairly conclude by his remarks that he studies the book of form to some advantage. Mr. Somerville Tattersall finds time to attend



A CAPE COAST CASTLE CRICKET TEAM.

Photo by Skues, Cape Coast.

many of the home meetings. He knows everybody, and is known by everybody. The income of the firm must be an immense one, when it is considered that the odd shillings in the guineas always go to the auctioneers, and that on an ordinary sale-day at Newmarket as much as fifty thousand guineas is turned over.

NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

It may be a sign of senile decay, premature, I hope; certainly my taste seems going backwards, and I confess with regret a growing pleasure in robust melodrama of the unsophisticated order; at the same time, I do not find any longing for the more "genteel" samples of the class. "The Grip of Iron" is in my mind. Little recommendation was the announcement of the five thousand and fifty-fifth performance, still less the quaint error of French on the programme; but Mr. Shirley's adaptation of the violent foreign melodrama really gripped me—a little. The taste for Poe, Hoffmann, and other students of the "creepy" is not of the highest; yet it is possible to sympathise with the Grimm's goblin-story hero, who wanted to learn how to shiver; instead of pouring gudgeons over him—it was unkind to the merry *gobio fluviatilis*—his bride should have taken him to see Mr. Fred Powell as the professional Paris Thug. Doubtless, Mr. Mansfield as Mr. Hyde, and Mr. Bandmann were more eerie; but there was much of the "shuddery" in the powerful work of Mr. Powell, particularly in his grim, humorous strokes. Moreover, there was one source of hearty laughter. The pause before the last act was very long—in part, it was filled up by Miss Nellie Arline, a handsome young lady with very pretty hands and feet, who played the banjo cleverly. Yet impatience was shown. At length the curtain rose on an elaborate, deliciously comic Tottenham Court Road effort at representing a Parisian bower of illegitimate bliss. The audience applauded superbly, and before the scene began someone stepped forward to receive and acknowledge the applause. I thoroughly enjoyed "The Grip of Iron."

It is to be feared that "Her Father's Friend" was given for the last as well as first time at the Savoy. Was there ever a time when such an ingenuous play would have enjoyed success? There is said to be a reign of the romantic—a revulsion against the naturalistic or realistic—I do not think so; surely now is the time for this simple story of paternal love. Alas! even by dallying with blank verse the author failed to interest one in the skittish heroine who is always thinking of her father—the father whom she had never wittingly seen. Perhaps, in the days when Sheridan Knowles was popular, people could be found to take pleasure in the one-act idea watered out to three; but last week even the really able acting by Mr. G. A. Cockburn as the self-sacrificing father could not give life to the piece. By-the-bye, it is strange that in the last three novelties, "Major Raymond," "Her Father's Friend," and "The Grip of Iron," the central figure should be a splendidly unselfish father. I fear that Miss Italia Conti, who presented the play, has hardly the power for so heavy a task; she would be wise to adopt a less skittish method of moving about the stage. Mr. Charles Dodsworth deserved very great credit for not seeming ridiculous in his part.

The real *ignis fatuus* of modern times is the idea that serves splendidly for a first act, but proves a poor foundation for second and third. A critic that I know never comes in time to see the first act of a farce: "it is bound to be good," he observes; "any fool can write a funny first act; but it will never save a bad play." The idea of galvanising a mummy into life is not perhaps a will-o'-the-wisp, for some people might have founded a lively intrigue upon it; but in the hands of Messrs. George D. Day and Allan Reed, if it does not lead to a bog, it does not serve for a brilliant success. The first act was very funny, the second rather funny, and the third funny and no more. The average was fairly high, and if Mr. Lal Brough, who acted with rich humour as Rameses, can be secured, the play may have a run. Miss Annie Goward also ought to be in the company, for she was very funny as a black servant, though her nigger dialect suggests the Northern rather than Southern States. Some of the others might be replaced advantageously. It may be said that this does not apply to Miss Charlotte Walker, a new "Amurrican" actress, though she did not display startling skill; while credit is due to Mr. W. Cheeseman and Mr. Robb Harwood. Perhaps the others are not to be blamed for making little of their parts.

I was able to praise Mr. Charles Pond's Shylock when he appeared at a Gaiety matinée of "The Merchant of Venice" some time ago, and he gave a successful impersonation at another morning performance at the Duke of York's Theatre on June 25. The representation was given on behalf of the South London Costers' Association, to aid more particularly in the establishment of a Barrow Fund in connection therewith, and a great many smart people had apparently paid the very high prices charged for stalls, dress-circle, and private boxes. From an advance-prospectus of the matinée it seems that the Lighting Corporation, Limited, took a benevolent interest in the performance. Miss Ettie Williams, Mr. Frank Gillmore, Mrs. Bennett, and other good actors, took part in the matinée.

Mr. Willie Edouin, never daunted, is always bringing out new pieces of varying degrees of merit. At the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, the other day, he produced the latest of the very many racing-plays which have seen the footlights; and "Newmarket" is the taking title of this "new musical racing comedy," the libretto of which is chiefly from the pen of a lady, Mrs. Frank Taylor. The piece seems to be amusing enough, and perhaps more may be heard of it down South. The principal parts were played at Manchester by Mr. Edouin as an honest old trainer; his clever little daughter, Miss May Edouin, as the trainer's granddaughter; and Miss Sadie Jerome (who has yet to equal her first London triumph as Lalage Potts in "Gentleman Joe") as a *ci-devant* music-hall singer who becomes a titled lady. Mr. Laurence Caird and other talented performers took part in the successful Manchester production of "Newmarket."

MONOCLE.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The Pope has responded, after a delay unusually short for an ecclesiastical discussion, to the appeal of Mr. Gladstone; and the answer is such as might have been expected, as Cardinal Vaughan somewhat cruelly remarks, "by Catholics and educated persons." I do not think a cardinal ought to be so ready to draw invidious distinctions between classes; surely the two sections to which he refers are not so absolutely distinct as his words would imply. But one might go further, and say that any man of some general information and some common sense, even if neither Catholic nor educated, could have anticipated the Pope's answer. For Leo XIII. to pronounce otherwise would be, in homely but expressive phrase, "giving the show away." And, in fact, he has stated, with the extreme of Pontifical politeness, that whether Anglican orders may or may not have been made up according to the original prescription is not of the slightest consequence; they have not the Government stamp, nor the cross-keys blown in the glass of the bottle, without which none are genuine. They may be Pills, and coloured Pink (to vary the metaphor); but they are not Peter's Pink Pills, and will only work evil to Pale Protestant People.

Now there is a great deal of sound sense in the Pope's doctrine, when disentangled from the usual Low-Latin jargon. Even if the apostolic succession of the Roman Church may have gone very wrong in the Dark Ages, as is not improbable, historically, and as is morally certain if we logically apply the unlucky doctrine of Intention—and even if the Anglican succession is just as apostolic as the Roman, which seems likely—the fact remains that Roman orders are of superior validity, because they are more devoutly credited by a larger percentage of their Church than is the case with the Anglican Church. An Anglican who is not in some sort a Protestant has no *raison d'être*; he must protest against Papal autocracy if against nothing else; and the private judgment that he permits himself he must also permit to his hearers. Now a Roman Catholic priest can ask his parishioners—metaphorically—to swallow him whole, he having performed the same feat on his Pontiff. The Anglican cannot promise absolute submission, and the Pope stultifies himself if he exacts anything less.

Where the Pontiff's case seems to break down is not in the logic of his conclusions, but in the facts of his premises. To the lay mind the dictum of Optatus of Milevis—whoever *he* may have been—that Peter was the head (in Greek, *Kephalé*) of the Apostles, as shown by his name Cephas (or *Kephas*, which, as everybody knows, is *not* Greek, and means "a stone"), merely proves that comparative philology, being a modern science, was not taught at Milevis (wherever that may be). And when the affable Pope argues that because sheep are not competent to criticise or control their shepherd, *therefore* the Church cannot restrain the Pope, the lay mind merely notes that his Holiness is running a superficial analogy into the ground as relentlessly as the veriest Drummond that ever prattled of predestinarian protoplasm. For it is upon record that at the Council of Constance the sheep—that is, the Western Church—united to criticise and even to kick out no fewer than three competing shepherds, and appoint a new one; and if this proceeding had not taken place, Leo XIII. would not be in the position that he fills so admirably. Had the Great Schism been permitted to go on for another half-century, Luther's work would have been anticipated; and it was not the fault of any of the competing Popes that this was not the case.

As regards the validity of Anglican orders, the Papal conclusion would seem to be that whether they are historically correct in transmission or not does not particularly matter. And inasmuch as he is, after all, the spiritual heir of the original bestowers of such orders, he would seem to be within his rights in so pronouncing. If, therefore, a bishop or priest, however properly ordained, has seriously departed from sound doctrine, whether by denying the Papal power or otherwise, he has cut himself off from the Church, and his orders, if he transmits them, and the sacraments he administers (with the exception of baptism), are of none effect. This theory holds good till we reach the highest point; and here comes a change. For the Pope cannot go seriously wrong in doctrine; if he could, he might make the entire Church hierarchy and services invalid, and there would be no earthly power to call him to account or decide how to put him right again. Therefore, we are logically bound to assent to the Pope's doctrines, if we can only accept his postulate—that the occupant of the Papal chair has been always infallible in his authoritative deliverances on the subject of doctrine, though not so declared till a comparatively recent date. And there are, no doubt, many excellent reasons why it has been and is very convenient to have an infallible central authority to set everybody right, and many other excellent reasons why the depositary of that authority is and has been the Bishop of Rome. No doubt, the decrees of the Popes must have been of incalculable value, being (according to supposition) infallibly right. Only, as a matter of fact, *were* they?

In any case, the Pope's emphatic statements will put a stop to the sort of High-Church Grindelwald Conference that was being engineered, and Mr. Gladstone's Nonconformist votaries can once more return, with new zest, to their interrupted cult. He will probably explain that he meant nothing in particular by his recent utterances—a statement easy to accept, and the members of Free Churches may believe that it was only his fun. For there is no fear whatever that Mr. Gladstone will ever pass over to Rome or coquet with that dreaded power overmuch.

MARMITON.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

The little girl whose picture is reproduced here is the daughter of Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, President of the Guildford Cycle Club, and better known to fame as the founder of *Pearson's Weekly*. Miss Pearson is just over seven, and may often be seen on the roads about Godalming upon her midget mount, not unfrequently sweeping along hand-in-hand with her father, at, we fear, more than the regulation speed of eight

miles an hour. When about two years old she usually rode in a basket strapped on to the handle-bars of Mr. Pearson's machine, and from that time she has either been carried about the country by her father, or, since she has been old enough, ridden the best bicycle he could procure for her.

By the way, do you know that if you have a copy of *Pearson's Weekly* with you when you get killed cycle-riding your next-of-kin will get £100? This sum has actually been paid in the case of Mrs. Richardson, Sussex Street, Middlesboro'.

It is very tiresome that the Simpson lever-chain-manufacturers cannot make

arrangements whereby persons who contemplate adopting this new device may, before doing so, be able to give the Simpson chain a practical trial. Last week I bought five bicycles for friends. Three of these men were at first inclined to have Simpson chains fitted to their new machines, but, on my being told at two shops that the makers had not a lever-chain bicycle that a customer might try, of course the ordinary chain was adopted. It is hardly likely that a new invention of this sort will be largely bought by the general public unless the latter are enabled to give it a trial before purchasing.

The Twentieth Century Lamp is the name of a new light that has been brought out by the Betts Patent Head-light Company, of Warren Street, New York. Weighing only four ounces, and distributing splendid rays of light over an area much greater than that covered by the ordinary bicycle or other lamps, it is the very thing that has been wanted for a long time past. It makes a first-class general all-round lantern. By removing the cycle attachment, and using the bail-handle, it at once becomes a capital lantern for the house or outbuildings, walking or driving on country roads—in fact, for all purposes of a compact, safe, sure, serviceable, and brilliant hand-lantern. It is made in three styles—aluminium-bronze, aluminium, and nickel. The Twentieth Century Lamp is built on scientific lines, with many new patented devices, while the shape is altogether new. The company has just opened London offices at 8, Southampton Street, Holborn, where all communications may be addressed.

It has come at last—the pneumatic hearse. Mr. William Webber, “an enthusiastic wheelman with a practical turn of mind and a gift for the designing of mechanical things queer and interesting,” is the

inventor. Is it necessary to add that he is an American? We are told that he has finally succeeded in producing a three-wheeled carriage of graceful proportions, which seems to meet all the requirements of a first-class hearse. The pneumatic hearse is low-geared, in order that it may be propelled with safety through crowded streets. Let us hope that, in days to come, the “final spin to the grave,” as some wag terms it, will, thanks to Mr. Webber, be less depressing to the spirits of onlookers than it is at present.

The rage for cycles forms the basis of a new exchange market. According to advertisements, one person wishes to procure a wheel “in exchange for dancing-lessons.” Another, evidently hard-pressed, offers “a first-class bicycle in exchange for food.” Presumably the food must be of a like quality. A third will give “a large number of white rats and mice” in exchange for a really good bicycle, while a fourth will “accept anything useful in exchange for my ball-bearing bike.”

I hear that the Duke of Manchester, the Duke of York, and Lord Terence Blackwood are among the latest cyclists who are converted to the Simpson lever-chain. They have each ordered a bicycle from the great magician, who, not content with having succeeded in gear-making, is now establishing a cycle factory on the confines of Wandsworth and Battersea, which is expected to be the last and greatest in the world.

I hear also that the wedding present of the royal household at Sandringham to Prince Charles of Denmark is to be one of Mr. Simpson's new bicycles, fitted with his chain, a most suitable gift for such a splendid cyclist as his Royal Highness.

A lady (who, unless she has a double in name, is a very pretty and clever little actress) writes apropos the clever but not very logical verses on “The Cyclist Waist” in *The Sketch* the other week—

Your correspondent forgets that nearly all of us wear quite low corsets when cycling, which, of course, give a much trimmer size to the figure when dressed in appropriate clothes; also that most women find that, when riding for purely “show” purposes, as we do in Hyde Park, the exercise is so smooth and gentle we can lace in merely the lower part of the figure considerably smaller with the same feeling of support. For instance, my sisters and myself are laced fully an inch smaller for our morning ride in London than we are for any other exercise during the day, the “nipped in” feeling being quite comfortable for the two hours or so that we are on our “bikes.”

There yet remain corners of the British Isles in which the bicycle is a *rara avis*. A friend of mine, staying in a lonely, wild country, twenty miles from a railway station, says that the natives there “look on with awed astonishment, and clap their hands, on witnessing such a strange phenomenon as a lady on wheels.”



MISS PEARSON.

Photo by Thiel, Nice.



CYCLISTS IN “THE GAY PARISIENNE,” AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.

Photo by Hana, Strand.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

SALES AND SACRIFICES.

We are still in a whirl, but the season is riding for a fall. With Ascot forgotten, Henley in evidence, and Goodwood looming large, this article might have appropriately begun with *Respice finem*. Amid the busy idleness of pleasure-seeking, however, women have now the additional excitements of sale-time, and the "glorious twelfth" has no keener charms for murderous mankind than the bloodless battles of early July for their feminine belongings in Shopland. There is a wild joy in buying what you do not want to which the practical organisation of mere man is a stranger; and in this fond trance of bargain-hunting the sex finds one unshared joy at least, in compensation for many other too-divided pleasures. In the best shops, as I have before pointed out, one finds things cheapest, and for obvious reasons. With a fashionable *clientèle* it is imperative to keep in with the latest modes. All that is left over must, therefore, be disposed of absolutely, to make way for

manufacture at prices calculated to surprise the most captious bargain-hunter. Here are foulards, poplins, and satins of undeniable allurements coming down from their former high estate of 4s. 6d. to go a-begging among the fortunate public at a nimble eighteenpence the yard. The chiné taffetas, which have had such deep-seated place in our regards this season, are to be had in all the light and dark shades and smartest designs at one fell swoop of 1s. 11d. per yard. Shot satin brocades, which are so gay in effect for dinner- or ball-gowns, slip down from their former high estate of eight shillings and six shillings per yard to a humble 2s. 11d. Among black silks there are armure, broché, striped, to be had at 1s. 11d., which formerly rejoiced in the higher pecuniary atmosphere of 4s. 6d., and so on through a practically boundless array of bargains. Parcels of remnants are made up in lengths varying from two to five yards, and, sold at two, three, and four guineas each packet, are a veritable treasure-trove to those who by distance or other causes are prevented from coming to town during Debenham and Freebody's sale-weeks. A really valid excuse is, furthermore, offered by them for already reminding



A SMART HENLEY GOWN.



[Copyright.]

AN AIRY FROCK.

eternally incoming novelties; and so it is that, in shops ordinarily expensive, one finds at such seasons a perfect treasure-trove of "fine things and superfine things," as we used to say when we were young and played at forfeits. Peter Robinson's costume department is particularly strong in sacrifices. Really beautiful gowns are being sold at immensely reduced prices, notably French models in dinner-, ball-, afternoon-dresses and *chic* little theatre-jackets which both look and are worth five times the modest figures to which they have been "marked down." A noticeably smart Henley or Cowes dress is made of fine blue serge, the bodice of white cloth delicately embroidered in an oak-leaf design of gold cord. It opens, zouave fashion, in front to show a double pleat of serge, on which are set a triple row of small, round, pearl buttons. A silk grass-lawn of transparent texture is embroidered with guipure in a bold design, which goes all round the skirt at foot. Made over white glacé silk, this looks most elegant, but pale colours, such as pink, mauve, amber, or blue, are no less successful. An airy frock in the best possible taste was built of ivory muslin with small black spots over a transparency of ciel-blue silk. A moiré sash of the same becoming tint was edged at both sides with ruffings of chiffon, vest and neck showing a similar decoration, with edgings of the black Valenciennes now so much in vogue among the modistes. White frocks of double piqué, the coat and skirt both admirably cut, are being sold for 29s. 6d., and, in fact, the special opportunities offered by Peter Robinson's sale are altogether to be availed of with avidity.

Debenham and Freebody, always noted for the excellence of their silks, are now offering best examples of Lyons and Spitalfields

us of dark winter days by the absurd prices at which a huge pile of smart fur-lined capes and other garments are being offered. As an example, I may note a well-cut cape of red-face cloth, exquisitely braided and lined with real blue fox, for four pounds nine shillings. Hundreds, literally, of these garments, in all shapes, sizes, and sorts, are, through a special occurrence, being sold at prices calculated to draw a tear from the original lynx, opossum, or Sitka hare, as the case may be, who first contributed his furry covering, butchered to make warm an English afternoon, and at such inadequate values. French hats, cycling-hats—all sorts of headgear—are, furthermore, included in Debenham and Freebody's practically "free list." My consequent advice to the sex may be summed up in one word, "Hasten," for the best things naturally go soonest, and this sale is one really worth prospecting, as the mining sappers say.

Still apropos of sartorial slumps, it should be widely known how well the *Hausfrau* is catered for at Walpole Brothers, of 89, Bond Street, who are now giving dainty napery of Irish weaving, from damask table-cloths to cobweb cambric handkerchiefs, at prices on an alarming scale of *diminuendo*. Hand-loom table-linen, fine enough for a duchess's dinner-table, are reduced to the level of ordinary purses, but only during the present sale-time. Blankets are at not only summer, but torrid zone prices. Arctic down quilts, so comforting when wintry winds do blow outside, are to be had at a fourth of their usual figures, and, in a word, the "Vanithee," which is, by the way, Hibernian equivalent for "woman of the house," should inspect this store of delicate napery, which on its own merits would be a positive "find"

to the thriftily minded. Among hostesses a perfect tornado of dinner-parties rages at present, and in the pauses of two brilliant neighbours I was enabled to look round at the decorations last evening. The advantage of sitting between clever people is that you can listen and look round. Miserably placed between "sticks," as sometimes—too sometimes—happens, one is forced into leading off the small talk, and concentrating one's powers, such as they are, thereon. At one dinner poodles were the crux of the banquet. Black poodles supported the lamps, miniature poodles propped the menus, these last being a novelty from the Aladdin Palace of Lamps in Bond Street, from where many quaint conceits in dinner-decorations do constantly emanate.

At another Lucullian feast the amber silk lamp-shades were tricked out with real flowers, beautifully preserved both as to shape and colour



A MAGNIFICENT DRESSING-CASE.

by a new process, the shades being all of the cocked-hat pattern, most appropriate to the host himself—a sailor of renown. White Minton and Worcester lamps, with spaces to hold flowers cunningly placed in the pedestal, are a last novelty at the Palace of Lamps. One of these, in a design of orchids, is especially beautiful. Piano candle-stands are variously represented; one successful shape being a Pierrot in bronze supporting a handle-bar at each end of which two little beer-barrels are placed; in these candles or shaded miniature lamps are put, and the effect, when lighted, is extremely seductive. For all effects of lighting, in fact, whether with electric-light, oil, or candles, the Aladdin Palace contrives original and most charming designs, which greatly add to the gaiety of drawing-rooms in these luxurious days, and amply justify its classic name. Someone said somewhere that the evolution of the modern reception-room is due to palms and cut-flowers, but this is too sweeping. How much more still does the mellowed light filtering through pink or amber silken flounces enthrall our senses! I question if the formal Louis Quinze drawing-room, now coming again into vogue, with its cold, unshaded, crystal sconces, can ever claim the charm of our cosy, flower-scented, lamp-shaded, deep-cushioned boudoirs, and to the Aladdin Palace of Lamps the cult of the shaded light is undoubtedly due. To finish in quite orthodox way with a wedding-present, this magnificent specimen of the genus dressing-case has just been completed by Thornhill, Bond Street, as a present to the Hon. Patience Verney from Mr. Basil Hanbury, to whom she was lately married. The case is ebony, with gold-topped bottles and ivory brushes, on which the gold monogram is repeated with splendid effect. Anything done by Thornhill is always *lieu fait*, in the fullest sense. They have boudoir writing-tables now which to look at is to desire—every requisite that the heart of woman can wish on her writing-table. Neat, compact, strong, inexpensive, these little tables deserve all the adjectives it is possible to apply to them.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FIANCÉE.—I should use Beetham's glycerine and cucumber. It is a sovereign remedy for all ills of the feminine cuticle.

CONSTANCE.—Try Graham and Banks for the oaken buffet. They are good and inexpensive.

SYBIL.

"THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL" DRESSES.

The stage costumes that call for notice this week are those worn by Mrs. Patrick Campbell as the latest Lady Teazle in "The School for Scandal," at the Lyceum; two of them I introduced hurriedly to you in connection with the Wyndham Benefit, but they are worthy of further acquaintance, I assure you.

The first dress, you must know, is a genuine costume of the period, specially lent to Mrs. Patrick Campbell for this occasion, its white satin petticoat festooned with two flounces of real lace, and the sacque being composed of white and pink brocade in a bold floral design, the deepest shade of the flowers being repeated in the satin lining. Moreover, a lace fichu is gracefully draped round the bodice, and the tight elbow-sleeves are ruffled with a soft frill of lace, while Lady Teazle's powdered hair is half-concealed by a filmy black lace scarf, and black lace mittens complete the costume of this charming but quarrelsome lady.

For the ball at Lady Greenwell's and the dancing of the stately minuet, Lady Teazle wears an under-skirt of pink satin adorned with lace flounces, which are caught up by sundry clusters of diminutive white ostrich-tips and bunches of pink Banksia roses, caught together by tiny diamond buttons, this same form of trimming adorning the trained sacque of white and silver brocade, which is made still more beautiful by a glittering embroidery of silver and diamonds, the bodice being softened by touches of chiffon and lace, where other pink roses peep out.

Lady Teazle's companions in the dance, Lady Sneerwell and

Mrs. Candour, otherwise Miss Henrietta Watson and Miss Leclercq, are also charmingly gowned. Miss Leclercq's dress is made of a wonderful exhibition brocade, admirably suited for its present purpose, but under ordinary circumstances somewhat impracticable, in spite of its beauty. The bold design of clusters of great oranges, intermingled with trails of silvery-white orange-blossoms, is carried out on a white ground—this for the sacque, while the petticoat is in the rich orange-colour of the fruit, softened by a deep flounce of lace.

Lady Sneerwell, on the other hand, has a charming dress of the palest eau-de-Nil satin, striped narrowly with white, and patterned with festoons of diminutive roses, while pale-pink and yellow roses outline the *décolletage* and catch up the full panniers at the waist. There is a petticoat of pink satin festooned with roses and ribbon, and, altogether, Lady Sneerwell is very pleasing to look upon as she moves with stately grace through the majestic minuet.

But it is the famous "screen scene" dress in which Lady Teazle is at her very loveliest, that is, securing the greatest amount of feminine attention and admiration. The sacque is in white satin, brocaded with strange flowers of a terra-cotta hue, and lined with mauve satin, while the tender-green satin petticoat is flounced with lovely old lace, caught up with jewelled true-lovers' knots. The head-dress consists of a gigantic bow of green chiffon, its ends bordered with lace, which forms a background for a tiara-like arrangement of diamonds, a high spray of pink roses, and one white ostrich feather; and Lady Teazle carries a high ebony staff, to which a bouquet of white roses is affixed by green



[Copyright.]

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL AS LADY TEAZLE IN THE SCREEN SCENE.

and mauve satin ribbons; and this vision of exquisitely dressed loveliness is the little French milliner who is disclosed by the fall of the screen.

Afterwards, in the last act, the same dress is worn, but a huge black lace hat—not unlike, indeed, the latest development of the fashionable modern hat—and a black lace scarf are added in place of that wonderful erection of tulle and feathers. And Mrs. Campbell looks exquisite in each and every dress.

FLORENCE.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on July 13.

The Money Market continues very easy, and loanable capital shows little inclination to rise in value.

On the Stock Exchange interest has been confined almost entirely to the Home Railway Market, which has been active and strong, especially in the case of the heavy lines, which have all been bought upon the Midland splitting scheme, to which we refer later on. Our readers will expect some sort of an estimate from us of the principal dividends to be announced in the course of the month; but, as the increased expenditure is very much an unknown factor, what we say must be taken as merely an approximation to the truth.

We expect the following list will not be very far out: London and North-Western, 6 or 6½ per cent.; Midland, 4½ or 4¾ per cent.; South-Western, 5½ per cent.; Great Western, 4½ or 4¾ per cent.; North-Eastern, 5½ per cent.; Great Eastern, 2 per cent.; Brighton, 4¾ per cent.; Sheffield, 1½ per cent.; Great Northern, 3½ per cent.

The traffic returns of the sixteen principal railways show an increase of over a million and a half compared with the corresponding period of 1895, and of over a million as compared with the same period of 1894, so that it is pretty certain that the shareholders will get considerable increases in their dividends, or, as some writers put it, "a fair share of the extra earnings."

Several efforts have been made on this side of the water to raise the price of American Rails; but no sooner does the market look as if it were going better than Wall Street begins to sell, which makes the last state of the market worse than the first.

All sorts of yarns have been going round about Chartered, the last being that Lord Rothschild is going on the board, and the much-needed capital will be obtained in the shape of debentures. It is not improbable that New Court, in the person of Mr. Carl Meyer, may come to the rescue, but, even if it does and the price is worked up, we can only continue to say, "Get out on every rise."

Linotypes have again been pushed up, and, on inquiry, we hear that the company is going to acquire some marvellous new patents for a machine called the "Typograph," which will not only prevent competition, but enable it to sell a much cheaper and more effective article. When we advised our readers to take their profits, it was because the balance-sheet, in our opinion, was not of a kind which prudent people should be satisfied with; but evidently the public is not in a critical mood over such things at present.

THE HALF-YEAR.

The six months which came to an end last week has, on the whole, been a satisfactory one to shareholders. Barring the incidents arising from South African affairs, the period has not been eventful. There have been plenty of rumours of war, but they have not seriously disturbed Stock Exchange quotations, which, by the way, are a very good criterion of the value of such rumours. Here are a few representative cases of the comparative prices of stocks at the end of 1895 and the end of the first half of 1896 respectively—

	End Dec. 1895.	End June. 1896.	Rise.
Consols	106½	113½	6½
India 3 per cent.	107	114	7
Metropolitan 2½ per cent.	103½	106½	3
Canada 3 per cent. Registered	100	105½	5½
Cape 4 per cent. Inscribed	115	119	4
New South Wales 3½ per cent. Inscribed	105½	110½	5
Victoria 3½ per cent. Inscribed	102	107½	5½
Argentine Funding	74½	86½	12
Egyptian Unified	102	103½	1½
Russian 4 per cent.	101	105	4
Spanish 4 per cent.	62½	64½	1½
Uruguay Bonds	47	51	4
Caledonian Railway Ordinary	144½	162½	18
Great Western Railway Ordinary	159½	181½	22
Brighton "A"	166½	182½	16
London and South-Western Ordinary	199	214	15
London and North-Western Ordinary	186½	200	13½
Midland Ordinary	154½	166½	12
North British Ordinary	40½	51½	11½
North-Eastern Ordinary	163½	180½	17½
South-Eastern "A"	86	102½	16½
Great Western Guaranteed	185	196	11
London and North-Western 3 per cent. Debentures	118	124	6
Bombay and Baroda Railway	222	246	24
Great Indian Peninsula	172½	188	15½
Canadian Pacific Shares	51½	62½	11
Grand Trunk 4 per cent. Debentures	79	83	4
Buenos Ayres Great Southern Ordinary	121	136	15
Mexican Railway First Preference	65	65	...
Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Shares	68½	77½	9½
Louisville Shares	44	50½	6½
Pennsylvania Shares	52½	54	1½
Bank of Australasia	51	52	1
London and County Bank	94	98	4
London and Westminster	50	50	...
Union Bank of London	30½	33½	3
Allsopp's Ordinary	138	179	41
Bartholomay Brewery Ordinary	9½	10½	½
Guinness Ordinary	470	670	200
Threlfall's Ordinary	32	45	13
Coats, J. and P.	29½	63½	34
Gas and Coke "A"	297½	314	16½
P. and O. Deferred	202½	212½	10
National Telephone Ordinary	6	7½	1½
North Metropolitan Tramways Ordinary	11	13½	2½

The preceding table does not profess to be exhaustive, but we do put it forward as representative of what has occurred on the Stock Markets during the half-year. The most conclusive evidence of this is the fact that in compiling it, our principle was to make as short a list as would give a general indication of the trend of prices in stocks familiar to the public, apart from mines, and then compare the prices at the ends of the respective half-years. *There is not a single fall to record.*

Some of the upward movements recorded are sensational, such as those in Guinness and Coats. These apart, there are several outstanding characteristics which deserve to be noted. These are—

1. The enhanced quotations for securities as to the safety of which there never has been any doubt.
2. That despite all the political complications and warlike rumours of the past six months, the stocks most likely to be adversely affected if there should be a war have participated in the general advance.
3. The evidence of an all-round improvement of trade conditions is witnessed by the almost sensational rises in Home Rails, and also by the upward movements in Railway stocks in British Colonies, in India, and in foreign countries.
4. The extraordinary demand for industrial securities of all descriptions, particularly breweries. We might add cycles, but the craze for shares of that class has not lasted long enough yet to render possible a comparison dating from so far back as the end of last year. To deal adequately with this branch of the subject would involve a review of the hundreds of new projects and conversions of private firms which have been presented to the public during the six months under review.

The half-year has not been one of excitement in any of the departments dealt with above. Even the rise of 200 in Guinness Ordinary took place gradually and without market excitement, and the advance in Coats' shares to more than double the value they had at the end of 1895, while it was the subject of considerable discussion, never attained the dignity, or indignity, of a market "boom."

For investors, including that hybrid variety, the speculative investor, the half-year has been a good one on paper, but we are not so clear as to what advantage has been reaped, save in exceptional cases. Our doubt on this point arises from the very fact that the improvement has been so general, and has had so little relation to increased returns from the money invested. If a stock improves in price because the dividend or rate of interest is increased, then the holder has a tangible benefit; but if the rise is merely due to a diminishing basis of the value of money, there is no such benefit. If you buy a stock which yields you 3 per cent. on the money you invest, and if economic conditions put that stock up to a level at which the yield is only 2½ per cent., you seem to have made a fine profit. But if you take it, what then? You find that you cannot re-invest the proceeds with equally good security to yield you a larger income than the discarded holding, and you do not, therefore, derive an iota of benefit from the exchange. On the contrary, you have had all the trouble of selecting a new investment, and all the trouble and expense of the exchange.

THE MIDLAND RAILWAY "SPLITTING" SCHEME.

Considerable interest has been aroused in the market by the announcement that the Board of the Midland Railway Company had decided to recommend a scheme of stock consolidation under which the present Four per Cent. Rent Charge Guaranteed and Preference Stocks will be exchanged for Two and a-Half per Cent. Stocks in the ratio of £160 of new for £100 of existing stocks, and the Consolidated Ordinary Stock will be converted into Preferred and Deferred Ordinary Stocks, each £100 of present Ordinary receiving £100 of Two and a-Half per Cent. Preferred and £100 of Deferred Stock. The interest, of course, centres in the "splitting" of the Ordinary Stock. It is to be effected, as will be seen, on very conservative lines in one respect, but, in another, on lines which have always been subjected to criticism. The principle of stock-splitting is, in brief, that, when a part of a fluctuating dividend reaches the point at which its payment becomes practically a certainty, and when, consequently, the price of the undivided stock reaches an unwieldy premium, the stable portion of the dividend ought, in the interests of all concerned, to be separated from the fluctuating element. There have been utilised two methods of attaining this object—one to divide £100 of stock into two amounts of £50 each, one of them bearing a fixed rate, and the other carrying the reversion of the surplus profits. The other plan is to duplicate the stock—that is, to convert each £100 into £200, the first £100 to carry a fixed rate, and the second the reversion. It is the latter and more radical course that the Midland Railway directors have adopted. But it is certainly surprising that they should have fixed 2½ per cent. as the rate on the preferred portion. The first result of the decision, and an eloquent testimony to the advantages of splitting, was a rise of eight points in one day on Midlands. Parliament will have to be consulted, and the duplicating of the stock is sure to meet with considerable opposition.

OUR OPINION OF NEW ISSUES.

Since our last "Notes" were written the number of new companies which have come under our notice is not quite so large as it was last week; but our opinion of those that have been issued may be briefly summarised as follows—

Furness, Withy, and Co., Limited.—A good 4½ investment as such things go in these days.

The Mount Malcolm Proprietary Gold-Mines, Limited.—A fair mining risk.

The Salar Del Carmen Nitrate Syndicate, Limited.—We should not invest our own money in this company.

Ilaman's Golden Pike Gold-Mine, Limited.—A mine of which we think very well.

Hearl and Tonks' Cycle and Components Manufacturing Company, Limited.—Better left alone.

The Joker Proprietary Gold-Mines, Limited.—The celebrated Joker Mine is not included in the company's leases. We do not care for this concern.

The Gloucester Gold-Mining Company, Limited.—Better left alone.

Mount Hepburn Gold-Mine, Limited.—To be avoided.

The New Premier Cycle Company, Limited.—A fair industrial share.

Boardman's United Breweries, Limited.—Not inviting as breweries go.

James Eadie, Limited.—Both the debentures and preference shares appear first class.

The Rose Pearl Group Gold-Mines, Limited.—Better left alone.

The Lion Brewery Company, Limited.—These "B" Debentures are a very good investment.

C. Arthur Pearson, Limited.—A first-rate industrial preference share.

The Riviera Co-operative Stores, Limited.—Better left alone.

The London and Coventry Cycle Company, Limited.—Not attractive.

Lavertons, Limited.—Should be left to local people who know the prospects of the businesses.

Brandon's Putney Brewery, Limited.—A reasonable brewery debenture. Probably a good investment.

The Canadian Pacific Railway 4 per cent. Debentures.—We have seen many cheaper debentures which we prefer.

The Rhondda Valley Breweries Company, Limited.—Both debentures and preference shares seem a good investment.

The Fairbairn Pastoral Company of Australia, Limited.—We should not subscribe for ourselves.

The British Arsenic Mines, Limited.—To be avoided.

The Universal Brazing Hearth Company, Limited.—We do not care for the investment.

THE TROUBLES OF AUSTRALIAN BANKS.

It says much for the ability of those who are now in control of the affairs of the Commercial Bank of Australia that the scheme they are submitting to the creditors and shareholders has been received with so much favour. At first sight it seems somewhat complicated, and the documents relating to it are on a more extensive scale than those who have not a direct pecuniary interest will probably care to tackle. But when they are digested the proposals resolve themselves into a comparatively simple form. The synopsis puts the matter very concisely.

Therein it is explained that the existing deferred deposit receipts arising from the reconstruction in 1893 shall be treated as follows: For one-third of the whole amount, deposit receipts of the new bank bearing interest for the first three years at 3 per cent. per annum and thereafter at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum. These deposit receipts will be payable by instalments, commencing with one-tenth on Sept. 30 next, and completing the repayment in September 1906, or earlier, at the option of the bank. For two-thirds of the whole amount, deposit receipts specifically secured by a first charge upon the securities embraced in the Assets Realisation Account; these deposit receipts to bear interest at 3 per cent. per annum. Principal and interest are to be payable out of the proceeds of income and realisations of these assets, and, should all not be paid off in twenty years from July 1, 1896, the new bank shall make good any deficiency. In order to carry out this arrangement, it is intended to realise these assets by means of an assets company. The preference shares, which at present have no right to a cumulative dividend, are to be entitled to a dividend, when earned, of 4 per cent. per annum, and this right is to be for the first three years cumulative to the extent of 2 per cent., and thereafter to the extent of 3 per cent. per annum, and these shares are also to be made permanently preferential as to capital. The time given to the ordinary shareholders to pay up the remainder of the unpaid capital is to be extended by making the instalments payable every six months instead of every three months.

This scheme has been brought forward in order to remedy what is tacitly admitted to have been a series of blunders in connection with the reconstruction scheme rushed through in a hurry in April 1893. It was then thought that if the Commercial Bank of Australia could be pulled out of the fire by a successful reconstruction, the banking crisis which was hanging over the Australian Colonies might be averted. That hope proved to be illusory, and the Commercial has since then had to bear the brunt not only of the crudity of its original scheme, but also of the antagonism of other banks, which found it convenient to make the Commercial a scapegoat. These others had more leisure to formulate their reconstruction schemes when such were necessary, and some of them are parading with unnecessary ostentation the advantages which this opportunity of deliberation and consultation afforded them.

We do not in any way extenuate the faults of the old administration which now render it necessary to transfer to an assets company securities standing in the books of the old bank at something like £7,000,000. The new directors, in formulating their proposals, are, however, very careful to dissociate themselves from responsibility with regard to that old administration, while maintaining a very dignified and very proper attitude of avoiding needless reflections on what is now ancient history. In effect, their contention—a very reasonable one—is "there is no use in crying over spilt milk, seeing that we did not spill it, and that we are now doing all we can to see that no more shall be spilt."

We hear of the possibility of some factious opposition to the scheme, but we do not think it likely to have any effect. The necessity for its having to be submitted is greatly to be deplored; but the creditors, of whom the majority are Scotch, are not of the kind who would be disposed to cut off the nose in order to spite the face. After prolonged negotiations, the Committees in London, Edinburgh, and Glasgow have unanimously given their assent to the scheme. They naturally do not feel pleased that the necessity for it should have arisen, but they express themselves as satisfied that its adoption is necessary.

It was their desire in the first instance to have a special investigation

in Melbourne of the past and current business of the bank. But the specially accredited representative of the present Board, which for the past three years has been looking into the matters in question, has been able to satisfy them that such a demand, if insisted upon, would be prejudicial to the interest of the creditors. "They felt that the resulting delay might, in the present sensitive state of Australian banking credit, endanger the existence of the bank, and further, that the new directors, as men of position and wide business experience unconnected with the past management of the bank, had undertaken the investigation and direction of its affairs in the interests of creditors and shareholders alike. In the whole circumstances, the Committees finally came to the conclusion that the investigation of the data submitted furnished sufficient details of the bank's position to enable them to deal with its proposals, and that they were justified in accepting the directors' specific assurance that the new business is safe and profitable, that there have been no improper advances to the directors, and that none of the officials are or have been indebted to the bank."

It certainly seems to us that these three Committees came to a wise decision, and that shareholders and creditors alike, whatever they may think of the administration of the bank's affairs, will best serve their own interests by giving their assent to what is now submitted to them.

Saturday, July 4, 1896.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters to be addressed to the "City Editor." Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

NOTE.—We have this week been inundated with correspondents asking merely for an early prospectus of C. Arthur Pearson, Limited. All such requests received up to Friday, the 3rd inst., have been attended to, and we ask our various correspondents to accept this as a general answer. Prospectuses have been sent to those correspondents whose letters only reached us on the 4th inst., but they may be too late.

LAST ALL.—We wrote to you on the 3rd inst.

W. E. R.—You will find Kathleens quoted in the financial papers, and often in the tape prices of the *Evening Standard*. They are half-crown shares, fully paid. We have no faith in any of the three mines named by you, and the second we are satisfied is a swindle. We think well of Paddington Consols, but it is not improbable that we are in for dull times among Western Australians.

W.—(1) We have no information. (2, 3, 4) Get out. (5) Hold for the present, but get out when you can without loss. (6) A moderate investment may turn out well.

C. O. L. D.—We wrote to you on the 2nd inst.

J. T. L.—We should not deal with the people you name.

J. C.—We are glad you like our "new departure."

LITTLEFORD.—Inasmuch as the Chartered shares were never put into your name (we presume) the charge for stamps on the purchase ought to come off, and on the re-sale there ought to have been no charge for stamps except a shilling for contract-stamp. The proper charge should have been ninepence a-share to buy and the same to sell, in addition to the shilling contract-stamp on each deal.

W. J. S.—We think well of Rover Cycle shares.

F. T. W.—It seems about time to take a bit of your Mount Lyell profit. We are not sweet on Lindsay's. There is no reason for the slight fall in Burbanks, except the general dulness in West Australians. We rather fear this dulness will continue.

X. X. X.—We have a poor opinion of the Queensland Mine and of the West Australian also.

DUBIO.—We don't care for the "lot" who are behind the Consolidated. The properties are in out-of-the-way districts, and we fear it will be a long time before it does any good. The West Australian Market does not look promising. (a) A fair speculation, with strong people behind it. (b) Ditto. (c) Ditto. (d) Ditto.

GREAT DUNDAS.—You had better join the reconstruction.

WALLIS.—We think well of Furness, Withy, and Co.

W. T.—New York Brewery Debentures are about 94-8. The interest is payable in London, at the rate of 6 per cent., half-yearly, on Feb. 15 and Aug. 15 in each year.

S. W. W.—The price of Ben Evans Debentures is about 104-7.

W. H. H.—We sent on your application, as we think it is a fair mining risk.

S. G.—We will make inquiries as to the company, and let you know next week. Was your agreement in writing? If so, send us a copy. Surely you have not worked three years for nothing! We presume that the company owes you a balance; if so, tell us how much you make it.

D. J.—A speculation. We should not be keen on it ourselves.

E. I. K.—We wrote to you on the 3rd inst.

F. P.—We are not sweet on the investment, but you have more opportunity of knowing whether the businesses are sound than we have. The debentures are certainly the safest.

E. J. F.—The company's principal business, we think, is in making and laying telegraph cables, for which there is a fluctuating demand. The last report was, if we remember rightly, not quite so good as the preceding one. We should hold unless you have any special information.

INNOCENT.—We think you should take your profit and be content. The shares can only go to £5 because the "bears" are caught short of the stock, which is a very dangerous thing to wait for. In our opinion, the present price represents more than the true value.

SALOP.—Both cycle things are fair industrial risks, but we should let some other fellow run it as soon as you have a profit on either.

ALPHA.—Our opinion of the tea concern is favourable, as the management is in able hands.

J. F. M.—If we remember rightly, our advice was to buy if the shares went below 2. We hear the general manager is very ill, and in case anything happened to him the price would drop. Upon the whole, we should get out at a very small profit.

TALGRAM.—The India-rubber Company's business is principally making cables. Surely the increase in the price of raw material cannot be good for this business, so that the cycle boom may very well prove a drawback. We are not sure if the company ever laid itself out for tyre-making.

C. P. W.—(1) We have no special information, but on paper the mine does not look very promising. (2) We fancy this concern is mixed up with the Linotype. It appears to be doing well. (3) All depends on the price and market for silver. We are not inclined to think too well of the shares. (4) We don't like Spanish Tramways, but, if you have any special information as to the company, act on it.